[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE

# WANDERING GUERRILLA:

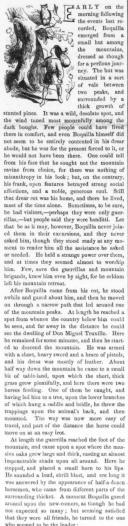
# BRIDE OF TRUXILLO.

A Mexican Romance of Troublous Times.

BY SYLVANUS COBB. JR.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VI.



of life; and he was, in fact, the chief of a nu-merous band of brigands, numbering in all over one hundred, most, if not all, of whom had been patriot guerrillas, but who had taken to the moun-tains since the tyrannical rule of Iturbide had been established. The government had offered large rewards for Tepec's apprehension, but none of the peasants, or hunters, or poor miners would expose him, for he was in truth the poor man's friend. ARLY morning morning following the events last rethe events last re-corded, Boquilla emerged from a small hut among

none of the peasants, or hunters, or poor miners would expose him, for he was in truth the poor man's 4/riend. Boquilla had conversed with the chief some five or ten minutes, when the quick tramp of a horse was heard, and in a few moments more, an armed man rode into the place.

"How now, Bernardo 1" cried Boquilla, approaching the man as he rode up. "Have you been out on my mission 1"

"Yes, secor," deferentially replied the brigand. "I have been, and I have found all you wish to know."

"Ab!—and they have started 1"
"Yes, seron—alx of them."

wish to know."

"Ah!—and they have started?"

"Yes, senor—six of them."

"Six!" repeated Boquilla.

He seemed to reflect for a moment, and then he turned towards the leader.

"Tepec," he continued, "are you at liberty for a few hours!"

"Yes—all day."

"Then suppose you take the men you have with you, and follow me."

"With pleasure."

"You had better make as much haste as possible," said Bernardo, "for they were swift upon the road."

"We will set off at once," returned Boquilla.
"Are you ready, Tepec!"

"Ay—always ready."

"Then forward!"

"A Boquilla thus spoke, he put spurs to his

"Ay—always roady."

"Then forward!"

As Boquilla thus spoke, he put spurs to his horse, and started out from the wood. It was a somewhat narrow path into which he struck, leading around the base of the mountain, and as soon as he was in plain traveilling the whole party set into a smart gallop. At the end of an hour they came to a point where a wide road crossed the way, and here the guerrilla made a sign for the rest to halt. He then rode forward into the road, and having examined the way, he came back.

"No one has passed yet," he said.
"But they'll be along pretty soon," added Bernardo, looking up at the place of the sun.
"I suppose so," replied Boquilla; "and," he added, looking towards Tepec, "we must be ready for them when they cone. I don't want to kill any of them if I can help it, though we may possibly be forced to do it. They must be captured for the while, at all events, for I am determined to see the inside of the despatches they guard. There is no need that I should advise you how to operate, for you are all odl soldiers and you know how to behave."

As Boquilla ceased speaking, he drew an immense black beauf from hencath his vect and fitted it to his face. It altered his appearance wonderfully—so much so that even his own followers would not have known him if they had not been direct witnesses of the saidle transformation.

"Hark!" uttered Bernardo, shortly after the

nouse of frushing out even to count mind in tale, he was startled by a sharp, quick cry fron one of his followers, and on turning his head he saw a body of armed men just emerging fron

the cross-path.
"Forward!" cried Boquilla, drawing his sword

e, and shoot down the first man who attempts

once, and snow town.

As he spoke he dashed out into the road, and confronted the dark colonel.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" cried Don Juan, whipping his sword from its scabbard.

bard.

"All that you have!" was Boquilla's response, as he fetched a blow upon the colonel's upliffed weapon that sent it whizzing upon the ground.

He had wasted the movement of Don Jann's sword, and he struck it down the instant it came from the scabbard, and before it could be laid upon its guard.

"It is but little money you will get from me!" hissed Don Juan, at the same time drawing a nistol.

pistol.

"If you are determined to resist, then take that!" uttered Boquilla, between his clenched teeth, at the same time dealing Don Juan a blow upon the right arm with the flat of his thick heavy sword that beaumbed it in an instaut. "Now make but another sign towards resistance, and I'll put a ball through your head as sure as death!"
"By San Pomint."

death?"
"By San Dominic, I know that voice!" ex-claimed Don Juan, starting back aghast.
"Never mind the voice now, but attend to my orders. I want to see every article of luggage

rders. I want to see every article of luggage ou carry."

By this time the colonel's five followers were By this time the colonel's five followers were silenced, and each one stood trembling upon the ground with the muzzle of a cocked pistol at his ear. Don Juan saw how he was situated, and with as good grace as possible to estabulited and alid from his saddle. As soon as his weapons were delivered up, he was ordered to reveal his logasque. First he produced a pure of gold, and this Bequilts threw upon the ground, remarking as he did so:

"I want none of your money, though some of my good friends here may like it." Bernardo stepped forward and picked up the pure, and then Bequilla continued: "Countinued to see all."
The colonel uttered an oath, and after some

to see all."

The colonel uttered an oath, and after some fumbling he drew forth a watch. The guerrilla took it and dashed it against a rock.

"You know Yount not such baubles as that."

"Then what do you want?"

"You are bound to Guadalaxara?"

"You are bound to Guadalaxara?"

"Yes," returned the colonel, evincing some surprise.

"And you are sent thither by Iturbide?"
"How do you know!"
"I guess at it."
"Then guess again, and I have guessed that you have papers from the soi-disant emperor. I want them."
"Then you'll have to hunt, I think; and if you find any such you'll be more fortunate than I should be in the same search."
"Perhaps you speak the truth," said Boquilla, "but you shall be overhauled at all events."
Tepec and Bernardo were both at liberty, and with their assistance the colonel was soon striped to the skin; but no papers such as the guerrilla sought for were to be found. The saddle was then taken from Don Juan's horse, and the different patra examined, but sind," I remember once how Hidalgo arranged to confine dea seeme to come to his mind, "I remember once how Hidalgo arranged to confine dea spatches for his couriers. Don Juan was with him then, and he may have remembered it. Let me look at that bridle."
The colonel made a spring towards the head

me look at that bridle."

The colonel made a spring towards the head of his horse, but he did not succeed in breaking away from his exptors, and on the next moment Bernarde had taken off the bridle, and drawn a knife from his pocket. With this be commenced to rip up the stitching which condined the two pieces that formed the side straps of the head-stall, and when this was done a neatly folded paper was brought to light. The opposite strap was opened with the same result, and after Boquilla had run his eyes over the two papers, he said, while his brow showed a triumphant emotion:

on:
"I have found all I want, and you may now "I have found all I want, and you may now continue your way to Guadalaxara as soon as you please, and when you return to the calpital you may tell Itarbide that he has friends among the mountains who are watching him with more than ordinary interest. It may please him to know that he is so narrowly looked after."

"By San Jago! you had better beware lest you are looked after if" growted Dno Jauna, as he began to put on his clothes again.
"O, I am used to being looked after," returned the guerrilla, with a light laugh. "I have been hunted by tyrants for years, and yet you see here I am, as free as the air of my native mountains. Go on, now, and give your orders to the governor at Gaudalaxara, and then hurry back and tell your master whom you meat enough the and the lower master whom you meat enough the and the lower has a did not make a whom you make the whom you meat enough the and the lower make the whom you meat and have had not lower make the whom you meat enough the marked the lower had the lower had not been also and the lower had not been also also and the lower had not been also and the lower had lower had

the mountains, and how they treated you. Tell him you met the guerrilla chief, Boquilla!"

"Boquilla t" repeated the colonel, looking up with a doubting expression.

"Ay—do you not like the name t"
"I should if 'were your own."

"I should if 'were your own."

"It is my own, and you can sell your master that he can see me at any time he will come."

Don Juan guard a while into the guerrilla's great dark yee, for they were about all he could see above the thick black beard, and the with a dubious shake of the head, and a bitter curse, he proceeded with his dressing. In time his toilet was performed, and then he was allowed to go and pick up his sword. All he pistols of Don Juan's parry were discharged, and then returned to their respective owners. The ripped bridle was still fit for service, and having been placed upon the hore's head once more, the colonel re mounted, and without another word, save a brisk trot, and his party followed him.
Boquilla wanteded them until they were out of sight, and then turning his horse's head he rode slowly back towards the mountain.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MISSIONERO.

CHAPTER VIL

THE MISSIONERO.

It was on the third day after the departure of Don Juan Calleja, and the shades of evening were gathering around the dwelling of Traxillo, when an aged priest, all toll-worn, weary, and dast-covered, walked slowly up the broad carriage path that ran among the great China trees. His form was bent, and the long, sparse locks that floated down from his temples, were white as snow. He leaned heavily upon the stout staff which he carried, and when he reached the plazza he sank down upon the lower step. Don Miguelhad seen him, and he hastened out.

"Holy father," the old man uttered, gazing with reverence upon the weary form, "will you not walk into my dwelling ?"

"Ah, a blessing upon thee, my son," returned the priest, in a low, tremalous, weak voice. "God forbid that I should intrude myself upon your hospitality unasked, but I am foot-sore and weary, give me but a crust of bread, and a bed of straw in your manager, and I will bless you."

"No, no," quickly cried Truxillo; "such as you fare not so beneath my roof. What! give a holy father of the church but a crust, and place him with my beats in the manager, when my larders are full, and my soft beds plenty and unused! No, no—let me help thee to arise."

"As you will, my son. I will not refuse your kindness, even though I fare there though the forter though the fare the sund God grant that my blessings do not detreat from my faith. Lift me easily, my son, for my limbs are weak and pain stricken."

Don Miguel helped the stricken man to arise, and then he led him into his dwelling; and when he was placed upon a soft couch, Don Miguel rang for a servant, and soon afterward wine and bread were brought. The priests scized the wine eagerly, and after drinking two full glasses, he seemed to gradually revive, though he yet trembled exceedingly."

It hink you are the Don Miguel Truxillo," he said, after he had broken his bread, and prayed that God and the Saviour would bless and sanctify it.

prayed that God and the Saviour would breas and sanctify li"I am," replied the don, gazing with renewed reverence upon the old priest.
"Then you have not been falsely spoken of, for I have often heard your name, and you are called a noble, generous man. I am but a poor missioners, and most of my days I have spent in the principal that the property of the trades of the ladios Bravos to a knowledge of the truth. I have seem much of suffering; and much of joy—for while my poor body has been racked with pain, I have seem my labors blessed and God glorified. But my wook is nearly done on earth. I can see the dim verge of this earthly life, and I can hear the still small voice that calls to me from Ezernity."
The missioners stopped and bowed his head, and after murmaring something that sounded the earner, he again looked up.

atili small voice that calls to me from Ecernty.

The missionero stopped and bowed his head, and after murmaring something that sounded like a prayer, he again looked up.

"For many weary days I have been upon the road," he continued; "and to night, when I reached your gates, I was fait even to exhaustion. If you will give me but a few days of rest beneath your roof, I shall teen have strength to go on my way. I would reach the humble cot where I was born, and where I hope to have a sister still living; and once there I will lay me down and patiently await the coming of death."

"Make this place your home as long as you please," said Don Miguel, much moved by the wayfarer's tone and manner. "I have enough and to spare."

d to spare."
The priest returned his thanks, and after some The prest returned as makes, and arter some trither conversation, he asked that he might be ermitted to lie down and sleep. To this end, e was conducted to a well-furnished chamber,

and there Don Miguel left him. On the following morning, the kind-hearted old man knocked at the missioner's door, and was bidden to enter. The old devotee was up and dressing, and having blessed his friend, he reman ked that he would be left alone for his morning's devotions, and that then he would join the family at breakfast. He said he felt mach better than on the previous evening, and that he hoped a few days of rest would enable him to renew his journey. Half an hour afterwards, Don Miguel and his grand-daughter sat down to their morning's meal, and they insisted that the priest should join them; but it was with apparent reluctance that he consented. He craved the blessing of Heaven before he commenced to eat, and then te turned with a smile to Isabel.

"My fair child," he said, "your presence is like a gleam of sunshine here."

Iasbel did not blush, for she was strangely attracted by the old man's countenance. He seemed to notice her manner, for he gazed fixedly upon her, and after a while, asked:

"Do you think your recognize a familiar face t"

"I do not know," returned the maiden, alight-

"Do you think you recognize a familiar face?"
"I do not know," returned the maiden, slightly startled; but quickly recovering herself, she added: "I thought your features at first appeared somewhat familiar; but I may be mistaken."
"No—I think you are light," said the priest, with a smile; "though your memory and observation must be very quick and keen. I knew your father, and I have held you in my arms and blessed you. Now let us see if you can romember when you saw me last,"
"I do not think I can," replied Isabel, gazing furtively, yet carneally, upon the missionero's feee.

"Can you not call the circumstance to mind," e resumed, breaking a fresh roll, and then pass-

ing his cup for more coffee.

"No, father, I surely cannot."

"But the circumstance was one of more than

a har head, but did not

he prices

"But the circumstance was one of more than usand moment."

The maiden bowed her head, but did not speak, and in a few moments more the priest continued:

"It was in the old cathedral at Guanaxuato. Your father was there, and the bishop was there; and there were others there, too. Can you not remember it now it?

Isabel teembled and trared pale, for she knew now what the old man means, though she had now what the old man means, though she had to

remember it now?"

Isabel trembled and turned pale, for she knew
now what the old man meant, though she had
no recollection of his features in connection
with it. Don Miguel graed up into the speakcr's face with an inquiring look.

'I do not think I am mistaken," the priest
said, as he netized the look of his host. "Is
not this the lady Isabel Travuillo?"

'I Is is," answered Don Miguel.

'So I thought," resumed the other; and then
in a thoughtful mood, he added: "It must be
some twelve years now since that eventful evening. I remember it well, for then it was that I
first saw Hidalgo."

'And you remember the ceremony that took
place on that occasion it said Don Miguel.

"Yes—for I assisted. The lady Isabel was
affianced to Don Jann Call-ja. She was more
than affianced—he was properly married, though
he power of divore was left in Don Juan's
hands."

'Ab, then you know all about it." intered the

hands."

"Ab, then you know all about it," uttered the don, "and can tell us the particulars."

"Yes—I remember them well."
"I have never seen the record," Truxillo added, "though my son explained the matter to me. Then the power of divorce was left in the hands of Calleja !"

"Yes. I this fifteen was the age set. At the age of fifteen the bride was to be claimed if he saw fit, or at that time he could annul the contract."

ne saw ht, or at that time he court annut the courtract."

"But that time has long since passed, and he did not claim me," exclaimed Isabel.

"And has he not claimed you yet?" asked the missiouero, in apparent surprise.

"Yes—he came and claimed me four days

"Yes--be came and claimed me nour nays ago"
"Ah, then his claim is the same. His claim is not impaired by the delay, but he could not now divores you without your consent. The limit of his power to annul was placed at a certain time, so that you might lose no opportunity for a favorable match in case he chose not to keep the contract. You were really his wife twelve years ago, and are the same now."
"Not his lawful, webled wife," uttered Isabel, rembling violently.

probation. ad I congrat u, for I hear that he is high in power and

"I knew not that I was his wife," the girl murmured. "That I was so bound to that he was really my husband."

that they were all friends, he who seemed to be the leader

wno seemed to be the leader:
"Teper," he said, "have you sent out a cou-rier yet!"
"Yes, senor—three hours ago. He started before the first peep of dawn."
"But he has not returned!"
"No, senor; though I should think he would be back soon."

back soon."

"Of course he will not miss the game?"

"No—there is no danger of that. It was
rnardo whom I sent, and he is not a man to
misled, or to fall into neglect. You may be
he will bring intelligence when he comes."

This Trace was a stoot dark feet."

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#### CHAPTER VIII.

#### SUSPICIOUS AND SUSPICIONS.

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SUSPICIOUS AND SUSPICIONS.

SHORTLY after breakfast Don Miguel ordered his coach, and in company with Isabel he set out for a morning's ride, intending only to be gone an hour or two. He left the old missionero in his study, where the man had expressed a desire to remain and look at some of the books. The host had not the least hesitation in leaving him there, for he placed the utmost confidence in his sacred character, and he even went so far as to order the severants not of disturb him.

For some time after Truxillo had gone the held priest ast there in the study, and pored over an old manuscript volume, to which his host had particularly called his attention; but his mind did not seem to be upon the book, for ever and on his eyes would wander farrively about the room, and then be would listen, as though to ascertain if any one were near. At length he classed the book and allowed it to rest upon his knee for a moment. His next movement was to place the volume upon the table, and then he arose to his feet. At one end of the apartment stood a large mahogany cabinet, containing mamerous lockers and drawers, and towards this the priest war. Again he gazed about him, and being assured that no one was near, he commenced to overhaul every paper that came in his way. He found keys, and with these he pened many of the places which were locked.

"I am gaining much knowledge," he mutter do himself, as he pursued his rather dubious occupation. "By Saint Dominic, the old fellow he do fellow has plied the trash up! More than three millions thus far, all set placed have he had been been and any on the places which were locked.

"I am gaining much knowledge," he mutter do himself, as he pursued his rather dubious occupation. "By Saint Dominic, the old fellow held thinks whome he has left in his library. Wonder if he know how many spies our good unperor is forced to employ. Now did ever mortal man see such a meas of trash collected to himself, as he pursued his ruben he placed had had headed, by a such as the s

And thus the missionero muttered on while he ransacked the place. He had found Don Mihe ranseked the place. He had found Don Mi-guel's pivate apartment, and private memoran-da, and all such things as he deemed of suffi-cient importance he minuted down upon a small book which he carried with him. In this way he had spent an hour, when, as he opened a small drawer which was arranged within one of the lockers, he found a parchment roll, bearing several scals, and apparently of a recent date. He eagerly opened it, and found it to be a will. "Aha!" he uttered, with peculiar satisfaction, as he ran his eye over the instrument, "so the fair senorities is the sole heir. Upon my soul, abe'll be a golden wife. Fortunate Don Juan!" This will was carefully rolled up and put back in its place, and then the other things which had

been disturbed were re-arranged, and all made as it had been found. This had hardly been accomplished when the sound of coach-wheels was heard, and having unlocked the door, the missioner resumed his seat by the table, and took up the book again. When, shortly afterwards, Don Miguel entered, he was so deeply engaged in the matter of the volume that he hardly noticed the entrance of his host.

"Still at the book," said Truxillo. But the priest did not look up.

"You read as though you were interested, holy father," said the don, in a louder key.

"Ah, my son, did you speak! Have you not ridden yes?" the old man uttered, closing the book, and looking up.

"Ridden!" repeated Don Miguel. "To be sure I have. I started two hours since."

"Two hours! Impossible! Why, I have read ever since you left."

"Then you must have been most deeply interested."

"In truth, I have been. Ah, such noble toughts!—such inspiring sentiments!—such

"In truth, I have been. Ah, such noble thoughts!—such inspiring sentiments!—such holy aspirations!"
"Yes; bat—bat that is simple history written there," said Don Miguel, who had never discovered anything but plain, common-place, dry narrative in the volume.
"Ah, amigo," returned the priest, not in the least discourerted, "I know it is history; but what tomes of thought does simple history call up in the mind of him who stands in imagination among those of whom he reads. It is while travelling through the regions of the past that we gain our best thoughts—the future only leads to conjecture. But most anything in the shape of reading would please me now, since I have been so long without it."
"Yes, yes," answered Truxillo, more moved by the solemn manner of the missionero than by his words; "I suppose you have not had much reading among the Indiana."
"Very little, I assure you. I have only read in God's great book of Nature; but seven that is book that may well please and instruct the plous student."

Don Miguel of course assented to this idea.

a book that may well please and instruct the pious student."

Don Miguel of course assented to this ides, and after that the conversation turned upon the natures, condition and habits of the floids Bravos, and the priest proved himself well acquainted with the whole matter. The old don was well pleased with his guest's company, and he spent the greater part of the day with him. If the old missionero imagined that he was remaining beneath that roof without any suspicion resting upon him, he was much mistaken. The ever-watchful lieutenant, Aldamar, had nutteed him, and the same ideas had seized upon his mind that had at first moved Isabel. During the afformon the lieutenant and maiden met.

"Where is Don Miguel 1" was Aldamar's

et.
"Where is Don Miguel?" was Aldam

"Where is Don Miguel?" was Aldamar's first question.
"He is with that old priest in the library," re plied Isabel.

"He is with that old priest in the library," replied Isabel.
"Have you seen him ?"
"Who—the priest ?"
"Yes."
"Yes. Tate with him this morning."
"And what did you think of him ?"
"I did not like his looks at all."
"Did you have any suspicious ?"
"Only that I had seen him before. I knew that I had seen him some him had seen him had seen him before where, and he explained it by saying that he was present in the cathedral of Guanaxuato when I was affined to Juan Calleja; but I know I have seen him since then. I have seen those features within these two years past, I know."
"So have I," returned Aldamar, with a pureled look; "and yet I cannot at present make out where I have seen him."
"He is a strange looking man," pursued Isabel, "and has since kept himself in concealment."
"It may be so, but I much doubt it." respond.

Perhaps he is some priest who once upheld Hidalgo, and has since kept himself in concealment."

"It may be so, but I much doubt it," responded the lieutenant. "I do not like the looks of him at alt. Don Miguel places altogether too much confidence in him, and I wish you would watch him as narrowly as possible."

"I will do so, Aldamar, for I owe him no favor. He asserts that I am even now Hon Juan's legal wife, and that he was present at the ceremony and knows all about it."

"Aha! Does he v" untered Aldamar, with strongly marked emphasis. "We will look to him, then. But let no such the as at hat frighten you. I do not believe that Calleja will ever gain you for a wife, except by your own consent. He is a vilian! "Ah, we all know that," said the maiden, with a dubious shake of her head; "and so is the emperor a vilian it"
The lieutenant gazed into Isabel's face for a moment, and then he said:
"True, true—Hurbide is a villain, and through him Calleja may obtain your hand, for Don Miguel will not dare to say to him may."

Isabel did not choose to reveal the hope she had in Francisco's promise, nor did she always hold it herself. Sometimes she tried to school herself for the worst, but try as she would, the future would take some coloring of light from her lover's pledge.

"But never mind that now," continued Aldamar, after a few moments' hesitation. "Don Juan Calleja has more enemies than frienda. Look you now after the priest, for you can watch him better than I can. Let us find him out if we can."

Isabel promised to do her best, and after that she returned to the house, and Aldamar went out to the stable.

Don Miguel ast up with the priest until quite late, and most of the time leabel remained with

to the stable.

Don Mignel sat up with the priest until quite late, and most of the time Isabel remained with them. She kept her yess fixed upon him most narrowly, and he seemed to notice it, for he moved uneasily in his seat a number of times when he found her wasching him with more interest than until the most of the price of

It was superficial and empty, and he artfully contrived to draw more from his host than came from hisself, but he did it is such a way that he seemed to hold it all beforehand in his own knowledge. At length there came a panse in the conversation, and Traxillo seized the opportunity to ask a question which had been for some time upon his mind.

"Boly father," he said, "you have travelled all over the country, and from your remarks I am led to judge that you have been a refugee. Did you ever chance to come across a man who calls himself Boquilla to."

The missioners started at the sound of the

The missionero started at the sound of the name, and it was some moments before he

name, and it was some moments before he answered.

"Ah, my son," he at length said, with a dubious shake of the head, "I have seen him, and I fear he is not what an honest man should be. Has he ever been here?"

"Yes—several times," returned Don Miguel, with considerable anxiety depicted upon his face. "He has sought shelter here for the night, and I have had a curiosity to know who and what he was, but I could never find out any thing from him."

"Do you think he will be here again?" the priest saked.

"I cannot tell. He comes and goes when he pleases."

"I cannot tell. He comes and goes when he pleases."
"I should like to see him, for I fear he is a bad man—a very wicked, degraded mortal."
I abel gazed more sharply than ever into the priest's face, and she felt confident that he lied; she knew that he was speaking falsely, and her suspicions were confirmed. To be sure, she knew but little of Boquilla, but she had seen him enough to know that he had an honest, noel be countenance, and that his eye could never belong to a wicked man. And then the assurance of her lover had much weight in her mind. Now, as she looked into the face of the guest, she was surprised that her grandfather did not notice what a villanous look he had, for she saw it in every feature, and most strange features they were, too.

note what a villanous look he had, for she saw it in every feature, and most strange features they were, too.

"Then you know nothing positive concerning Boquilla "asid Don Miguel.

"No—only that he is a noted brigand."

"Ah, I feared such was the case."

"I know such is the case."

"But there are different grades of brigands, even, "said Isabel, with much warmth, and at the same time directing a withering look at the priest. "Some are now apparently brigands who have been literally forced into the basiess by the cruelty of Itarbide—who are proscribed and dare not appear in public. They are men, too, who war not upon the poor and defenceless, but who make most of their levies upon the emperor's own tools. I do not believe Boquilla is a bad man, nor is he a mean man. He comes openly, and he speaks boldly, and his face is a pasport to esteem."

The priest qualled before the proad maiden's look, and after a few moments of troubled thought, he said, with a faint laugh!

"You speak generously, lady; but it comes from a young and inexperienced heart. After you have seen as much of the world as I have, you will learn not to trust to appearances."

"Yery likely," returned Isabel, coloring with motion." If know that appearances are often deceifful."

She would have said more, but she was indig-

She would have said more, but she was indig She would have said more, but she was indig-nant, and she knew that she might overstep the bounds of prudence, so she kept back her rising thoughts, and ere long afterwards she left the apartment. As soon as she was gone, the priest signified his desire to retire for the night, and having shown him to the same chamber he ec-cupied the preceding night, Don Miguel follow-ed the example, and sought his own coach.

## CHAPTER IX.

#### THE TARANTULA!

THE TREATULA!

DON MIQUEL TRUXILLO heard the clock strike the hour of midnight, and shortly afterwards he sank into an uneary slumber. The events of the past few days had made more impression upon his mind than he revealed to others. He loved his fair young grandchild with the whole ardor of his soul, and the more he thought of Juan Calleja's claim, the more deep became his convictions that label would be made only miserable thereby. He only wished that he had the power to prevent the consummation, even had be been a bold, fearless manfor Don Milguel acknowledged himself that he was a timid man, and he often wished that he had been constituted differently.
How long the old don had slept he could not cll, but he was a round and a fairly awaking he found that his light had gone out. He started up to a sitting posture and listened, and he was sure he heard a movement of some kind upon the floor. He dared not leap out of his bed, but he sat there and listened, and trembled. He had presence of mind enough, however, to watch for the nature and direction of the sound, and it seemed to move towards the door. He dared not even ery out for assistance. Once he spoke and asked

nature and direction of the sound, and it seemed to move towards the door. He dared not even erry out for assistance. Once he spoke and saked if any one was there, but he received no answer. The sound upon the floor at length cased, and the old man thought his door was shut to and latched. After this all was still, save the low wailing of the wind. It was very dark—much darker than usual—and be dared not yet get out of his bed. He listened eagerly for the repetition of the sound upon the floor, but he did not hear it, and at length he plucked up the courage to get out of his bed. His first impulse was to ring for some of his servants; but after soher reflection he began to think that he might have been deceived—that it was only his excited imagniation which had been playing with might have been deceived—that it was only his excited imagination which had been playing with him. After some search be found his tinder-box, and having lighted his lamp, he looked carefully about the room, but nothing had been moved or disturbed. He went to the door and opened it, and looked out into the corridor, but there was nothing unusual there. After satisfying himself that nothing out of the way was to be fined he

noise, and setting his lamp upon the table again, he once more got into bed.

It was some time before Don Mignel slept again, and when he did sleep it was only to dream horrible dreams. Once he dreamed that agrim, giganic skeleton—a horrid mass of human bones—came to his bedside and placed its clammy hand upon his brow. He tried to start up, but he could not. He endeavored with all he might to cry out, but his tongue would not move, nor could he even breathe. The skeleton grinned a most horrid grin, and gradually its appearance changed. Its bleached, cycless sockets seemed starting out from beneath a dark cowl, and the bones of the body became enveloped in the robes of a priest. The heavy hand was taken from his brow and laid upon his brow and the start of the s

with a lighted lamp in one the other.

"Don Miguel!—my master!—what has happened?" cried Aldamar, catching a glimpse of the old man's terror-wrought features.

"O, Aldamar!"

"But what is it? What has happened to

"O, Aldamar!"
"But what is it? What has happened to more you so i"
"O, holy Saint Peter protect me!" gasped the terro-stricken man, reaching forth one hand and placing it with difficulty upon his attendant's shoulder. "Aldamar, I have had a most terrible time. But look you about my room, and see if any one is here!"
Aldamar starred at the order, for it sided with his suspicions. He hastened to obey the order, but he could find nothing.
"There is nothing here," he said, "nor can I find any trace of anything. What is it that you have seen!"
"O, terrible! terrible! I was awakened by some sound in my room at first, and I found my light had gone out. I sarely heard a noise upon my floor, but it was soon hashed, and I got up and lighted my lamp. After that I got into bed again, but I did not sleep soon no long."
The old man stopped here, and gazed furtive—

into bed again, but I did not sleep scon nor long."

The old man stopped here, and gazed furtively about him, and then he went on. He told of the dream he had had, and of what he had seen by the giare of the lightning.

"You are sure it was a man whom you saw upon the floor!" said Aldamar.

"Yas—I know it was."

"And his form—could you tell that?"

"No—for he was all crouched and bent, and I could only see that it was a dark form moving towards the door,"

"Don Miguel, it was the priest!"

"Who else could it have been !"

"Traxilio did not answer this question, but with one long, wild, loud cry he leaped from the bed and grasped the lieutenant by both arms."

"Great God of mery!" he gasped, while he trembled like a dry leaf in the grasp of the whiriwind.

"Great God of mercy?" he gasped, while he termelhed like a dry leaf in the grasp of the whirlwind.

Aldamar was for the moment struck dumb with astonishment; but he soon managed to gain his speech, and in a quick whisper he asked his master what had startled him so.

"That hand?" gasped Don Mignel. "If felt its cold touch again upon my breast! O! O!"

Aldamar was for the moment inclined to doubt his master's sanity; but there must have been some cause for such a movement, and he removed the old man's hands from his armost have been some cause for such a movement, and he moved down the coverlid, and was just upon the point of raising the sheet higher up, when the uttered a cry of horror, and started back.

"What is it?" whispered Don Mignel.

Aldamar spoke no, but again he moved up to the bedside and held the lamp over. The old man tremblingly drew near, and there, upon the very spot where he had laid, they saw the Mack, noisone, horrid forn of a large transulat!

There is lay, a terrible death minister, with its

There it lay, a terri

There it lay, a terrible death-minister, with its shanggr, spide-fike body half crushed upon the bed-clothes!

Don Miguel stood aghast! For a moment he stood with clasped hands, and then he sank back upon a chair with a deep groan.

"I am a dead man!" he uttered.

"Did you feel it bite 3" quickly asked Aldamer.

nar.

But the poor man could not tell. He fancied hat he had felt the reptile's deadly fangs in his lesh, but he was not sure.

"But do you feel pain now?" continued the

lieutenant.

"Yes. All over my body—everywhere!"
Aldamar was now calm enough for cool reflection, and without more eremony or questions be proceeded at once to examine the old man's body. Had the transitial bitten him, the marks by this time would have been terrible, but none could be found.
"Doa Miguel, you are safe!" fervently tittered the lieutenant, after he had concluded his

search. "The monster has not bitten you."

The old man gazed up into Aldamar's face a moment, and then he started to his feet.
"Not bitten!" he cried. "Safe! And shall I still live?"
"Yes, for you are not harmed. It is a miracle; but so it is."
Don Miguel was soon convinced of his attendant's correctness, and when he became assured that he was safe, the revealism of his feelings was so great that for a long while he was perfectly powerles; and while he sate in his chair, trying to overcome the tumultuous beating of his heart, Aldamar took the tarantula upon the point of his dagger, and carried is away. When he returned he found his master more possessed and able to converse—for the first question that he asked showed that his mind was his own.
"Aldamar," he said, still pale and shudder, ing, "where could that deadly monster have come from? I have lived here more than half a century, and I never before saw one of them so high up on the table lands as this."
"Selter did I," responded Aldamar. "And," he added, in a very low, meaning tone, "that non would never have come without assistance! Without the sid of human hands it could never have reached the place where we found it!"
"Aldamar, what mean you?"
"Aldamar, what mean you?"
"I to you, my good master. I mean that you are too trusting, too open, too unsuspecting. Your holy old priest has done all this!"
"I have not be so old as you think him; will man a for his infirmities and piety they are easily assumed. You saw a man upon your floor, and who else in this house could it he! Ah, Don Miguel, you have harbord a serpent."
"Let us go to his room," faintly uttered the old man. "Let us see him and confront him, for by my immost soul, I begin to fear you may be right."
"Trustillo hurried on his clothes, and then the leatenant took up the lamp and led the way to

be right."

Trusillo hurried on his clothes, and then the lieutenant took up the lamp and led the way to the apartment which the missionero had occupied. It was on the same floor with the one they left, and situated at the further end of the corridor. When they reached it Aldamar opened and situated at the tartion.

When they reached it Aldamar opened door, and they both went in; but there was

mobody there!

"He has gone!" said the lieutenant.
Don Miguel was now fully aroused, and he
started forward and looked upon the bed. He
saw where a man had lain, but the place was
empty now.

"Aldamar," he said, "start up the household,
and let search be made. Upon my soul, I think
he is the villain!"

he is the villain?"

The lieuteant stopped to make no reply or remark, but quickly lighting the lamp which the priest had left upon his table, so that the don might have light, be started off, and in ten minutes a score of servants were assembled in the lower hall. In as few words as possible, Aldamar explained to them what had transpired, and then sent them upon the searched all through, The stables, the sheds, the granaries, the storehouses, and all other out buildings were thoroughly searched, but the priest was nowhere to be found.

"Dom Miguel." said the line.

oughly searched, but the priest was nowhere to be found.

"Don Miguel," said the lieutenant, after he had reported the result thus far, "we must take horses and set off. The villain is not far from here, and we may find him."

"Would you go in this rain it asked the old man, looking out into the darkness, and at the great rain-drops fell flast.

"Never mind the rain," was Aldamar's reply, for he was anxious to commence, or rather continue, the search at once. "Besides," he added, "it will be daylight in less than an hour. Yes, let us set off at once, for I have some strange suspicious concerning that missionero."

Of course Don Miguel did not object, since his retainers were anxious to set off, and in a few minutes a party of fifteen horsemen were under arms and ready for the search.

INDIAN THERMORY.

#### INDIAN THEOLOGY.

INDIAN THEOLOGY.

The precise idea which the Western Indians entertain of a future life is this?

As soon as the Indian threw off the flesh, the would find himself standing on the bank of the river, the current running with great rapidity. Across this river was a slender pole straped of its bark, and lying close down to the water. The Indian who had lived a good life, then seen the large of t

### SNAKE FASCINATION.

SNAKE FASCINATION.

The St. Louis Herald, of July 12th, tells with apparent faith in tis ruth, a case where a child became fascinated with a black snake. The beat of the state of the stat

[Written for The Flag of our Union.] THE TRUE RICHES,-A CONTRACT

BY WM. A. KENYON

While I stood here redecting, there came along on With a face beaming pleasure, benign as the sun; Who was rich in the wealth of a well nurtured mir And who, blessing, was blessed in return by his kin

He exclaimed, as he saw this old man and his ore:
"Give me only that wealth which by giving, grows
For if aught e'er can make a world this world abov
This the treasures of wisdom, the riches of love.

## THE WHITE LAMB OF THE FLOCK

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

Mr. JACOR BARNEYT was a bachelor. Moreover he was considered almost a saint. He did so much gooth he relieved so much suffering; he was so meek and unostentations withal, that everybody gave him he credit of being a veal gentleman—the most heathenish men a knew always called him a fine fellow. He was such a model man among the old fadies in the parish,—be spoke so to the "pint in meetits," and he encouraged the pastor so continually by remittances, that he never thought about an increase of salary; and although "brother Barnett differed from many of the parish in some knotty points, yet they were wonderfully smoothed over in consideration of his acts of benevolene. The old descon did once make bold to sffirm, "he was afeard brother Barnett was notone of the elect," but he was immediately silenced by a worthy annt Hannah, who struck his shoulder with no very loving past, and remarked," Deacon Gale, some folks have serious doubts about your election, and this matter had better rest where it is." True it was, Jacob never flung open the yawning doors of everlasting condemation, he loved mercy, and trusted a great deal to a forgiving heavenly Farent who alone appreciated motives. But the Barnett was one speciated motives. But the Barnett race was extremely proud, and thought much of earthy pediase men with the prevalence of the world, the fiels, and the devil," over samptuous entertainments, and made no scruple in affirming that those who ever attended dances and theatres were doomed to eternal punishment; so surail-lead where they, that they employed only such domestics as embraced their creed, leaving them to work it out as best they might, in preparing hot suppers and attending upon their gormandizing appeties, when they should have been reading their Bibles. The Barnetts, therefore, only attended ascred oratorios and concerts composed of music selected from Beethoven and Handel—they were so puritained, they never really thought a marriage ought to be consummated between worldly and godly people; consequently the

some nice titbit, or a magnificent bouquet, very significant in the language of flowers, which she very gratefully acknowledged by a hot pressed billet-doux, the contents of which we may know at some fixture day; but ere long a kind of half pay officer came to the village, and having made the friendship of Miss Mabel and attended most closely upon her without the interference of Jacob Barnett, they were suddenly married and proceeded at once to England. It was something more than a "nine days' wonder" when this affair occurred,—it was talked about more than sermons among the pious, and aly insinuations were moneted by the ninespeciate. But the parents of Mabel kept a close mouth upon the subject, and always hoped and trusted a foreign climate would restore their daughter.

And since Mabel's denarium. Jacob become

unregenerate. But the parents of Mabel kept a close mouth upon the subject, and always hoped and trusted a foreign climate would restore their danghter.

And since Mabel's departure, Jacob became much more deeply impressed with the reality of godliness, and his convictions were more frequently avowed. He regularly attended the Sabbath exercises, and weekly meetings, and contenting the subject of "feeling the need of something the world could neither give not take away," which some young lambs supposed to mean Model Gordon; but they were husbated by their seniors, it being fully accredited by them to mean nothing but grace in his heart and an earnest seeking after more light. Besides, he was so depressed, and his words to his sisters were so few and devoid of comfort, that they made no scruple in fearing "hrother Jacob might be led to do some rash act." And he did do one,—for one morsals early in the server of the servants stood in the garden without any working implements, and were bid to say their master had left the country, which drove Miss Sybil, the eldest sister, almost frantic. And when it became noised abroad, that his old housekeeper had accompanied him, she that was his fathiral nurse and a kind of body guard that shielded her master from attacks of pleurisy and themasism and asthmathic lift, by aktiful nursing;—I repeat, when it became noised abroad, that Paggy Dawson had goos with Jacob Barnett, then everybody knew for a certainty he was setzed with a sudden derangement.

Still it was a very systematic kind of madness, and the stream of the summer and the dot of madness, and the stream of the dot of madness.

sudden derangement.

If such it could be called. The men servants were to be boarded and lodged at an eighboring farm house, and still to maintain their oversight of the grounds and dwellings; the blate was selfyl lodged in the bank vanit. So much was to be annually appropriated to the worthy minister of the parish, and a margin was left tobe filled with divers charitable acts, from certain stocks unappropriated otherwise.

But the maiden sisters deeply mourned over their brother's sudden exit. Frayers were offered at maternal meetings for him, and supplications on his behalf were never forgotten in the lower vestry. And, then, there were so many strange surmisings, and such a dread leat single blessedness might produce such odd freaks in other members of the family, induced Miss Silence Barnett, a little turned of fifty, to publicly say, "abe wouldn't refase the hand of any godly disposed person that might offer his affections."

Silence had money—all the Barnetts were rich—but still she would have preferred an addition to her fortune settls her husband; but Major Atwell was poor but pious, and he proposed to her that they should be united; and as her word was pledged, she accepted him, with more love for the church than love for her husband, as many affirmed. But the major smoked and at hearth, and always kept a store of London porter, when his means were commensurate to such nearly, and always kept a store of London porter, when his means were commensurate to such nearly, and always kept as store of London porter, when his means were commensurate to such nearly, and always kept as store of London porter, when his means were commensurate to such nearly, and acknow in the learn and the proceeds remitted to him, through the care of a well known banker in London. He said no more in his letter to his family, but the package he sent to Mabel's faster in London. He said no more in his letter to his family, but the package he sent to Mabel's faster in London. He said no more in his letter to his family, but the pack

"Hemphill. Region Coast --.
"Dear Priends,—Jacob Barnet is no more.
He ded yesterday, and will be buried to-day.
My home is with Mabel, and I shan't return soon. My love to all, Progr Dawson."

There was a solemn gathering among the Barnetts. The news of Jacob's death was not more painful than his first departum—for somehow the mind gets accustomed to endure a second shock better than the first startling development. So it was here, and they all put on deep mourning and off-red prayers "for the afflictive dispensation of the death of a brother, in a for-

eign land," and then they ascertained there was a will to be probated, deposited in the bank pre-vious to his quitting this country, and again they gathered as a family, to hear its precious con-tents. Here it is:

gathered as a family, to hear its precious contents. Here it is:

"In the name of God, amea. I, Jacob Barnett,
of sound, disposing mind, in the fear of God,
without regard to the favor of my fellow-mee,
hereby declare this to be my last will and testament. Hem, I give to Peter Gordon, the sum
of ten thousand dollars,—to him and his heirs to
the theirs, to use and dispose hereafter as they
may see fit. Hem, In consideration of my past
conduct, for a wicked act which I perpetrated,
whereby I sacrificed my own peace of mind, and
should have forefized the respect of all worthy
men;—for banishing Mabel Gordon, the daughter of the aforesaid Peter, from her country and
home, and persuading her to marry one whom
she did not love, I bequeath, the remainder of
my estate, both real and personal, wherever and
whenever found, to the said Mabel and her oldste child, Angels, whom I, by this document,
acknowledge to be my lawful heir to all my
possessions." Signed, sealed and delivered as the
law directs.

Not a word was socken as the aforesaid will

case camp, langens, whom 1, by this document, angens, whom 1, by this document, acknowledge to be my lawful heir to all my possessions." Signed, sealed and delivered as the law directs.

Not a word was spoken as the aforesaid will was read. Sybil's eyes moistened, Silence's flashed, the brothers took up their haus and went to their accustomed piaces. That day a letter from the captain of the ship which carried over Jacob, was received, saying that a trunk was entraned to his care from their deceased brother, which awaited their orders, to be delivered. Major Aivell and his wife were despatched at once for the treasure. "I knew bopther Jacob would remember us," was the exclamation of the sisters, and curiouity was never at its culminating point in any hearts, more certainly than here. The trunk was opened in presence of all,—a kind token of affectionate remembrance appeared for every one, and a letter addressed, "To my Brothers and Sisters." It read:

"My DEAR KINDRED,—If you have ever

"MY DEAR KINDRUD,—If you have erecherished toward mp an unkind thought, may do for foreign you. Ere tile, you have learned why I banished myself forever from your presence. A consciousness of guilt—a feeling that I had secured and illy requited, a youthful attachment toward me—a loss of self-tempset, and a belief that I could better expiase my sin in a foreign land, and minister to the wants or incessities of her who ought to have been my lawful with the self-tempset, and the self-tempset, and the self-tempset, and the self-tempset, and the self-tempset was the self-tempset, and the self-tempset, and the self-tempset was the self-tempset, and the self-tempse

'may God of his infinite grace, have mercy only you.' Your loving brother, Jacob Banker.'

"Benesh this letter lay a sealed package of a correspondence between himself and Malet before her marriage, and other documents of little value. That the contents of this trunk was not a very acceptable bequest, we may infer from the conversation that followed. Sybli was melted, and willing to execute her brother's commands, but he major's wife loudly denounced her folly.

"Do you think we can disgrace ourselves by bringing that little illegitimate in our midst," Syblistill spoke of trials that pdiffied our virtues. "Purification, indeed," replied Silience.—"Why have not you been converted once already? Where is your certificate of church-membership, I would like to know?"

Sybli said, 'some care was needed lest we fall from grace." Silience maintained, 'none of he elect would be lost." Syblis sometimes doubted 'whether she was certainly of that number,—but Silence kaens she was non of the chosen seed.

The female members of the Barnett family given a great deal of black crape. They carried solemn countenances about them, and some of them had very black eyes and bronne faces, and an expression not so perfectly angelie as we presume they will have when they are transfigured and they admired the theory of such are light and they admired the theory of such are light and they admired the theory of such are light whom our Saviour forgave when all her accusers left her. They were couversant with Mary Mag-taken's history, and all the touching narrations where mercy and forgiveness were inculcated, and they admired the theory of such are light whom our Saviour forgave when all her accusers left her. They were couversant with Mary Mag-taken's history, and all the touching narrations where mercy and forgiveness were inculcated, and they admired the theory of such are light whom our Saviour forgave when all her accusers left her. They were couversant with Mary Mag-taken's history, and all the touching narrations where mercy and forg

mildly judge of her brother's fall, and they both hoped they should never suffer from such self-delusion, but the old major clared at that portion of the bequest which spoke about "the expense being defrayed to bring over Jacob's child to his kindred." He always thought he should like a sea voyage, and he talked over the matter with his wife who was quite inexorable, affirming such an errand she considered as low-ering her digatity.

The major vauguested to let the object be understood, but not openly expressed, and then, having received the payment of their expenses, they could leave the child behind, if they should to determine. Silence consulted with Syvil, who would not listen to such double dealing; but the major made out a clear case, that as there was money to be so appropristed, he could avail himself of one part of the condition and evade the other. Finally, when Mrs. Alvell had fally determined it was a matter of duty to obey the wishes of a dead brother, having sighed and cried many days before ber kindred, upon the painful necessities of the case, and grieved that so bard a lot fell upon her simply because she had a male protector, having a sighed and cried many days before her kindred, upon the painful necessities of the case, and grieved that so hard a lot fell upon her simply because she had a male protector, having sighed and the her had been to be captured in Paris, and has ing secured to her payers of the satus for a safe Journey. But a little before starting, it occurred to Mrs. Atwell if the major should be taken standard, with the major, that they would take passage in the next seating, it occurred to Mrs. Atwell if the major should be taken standard, with the major was not a remarkably attentive human becoming style of mourning, and reserved. The sature of the case, which a new regimes might produce, how necessary a companion would prove to her confort,—for the major was not a remarkably attentive human because of the large of the major was not a remarkably attentive human because of the s

following day at a dinner which the nobleman with whom she resided had determined to give upon their arrival, having been a personal friend of her father, and readily consenting that she should become the inmate of his family. Our guests now assembled at "the high ancestral hall," where servants in livery stood ready to escort them to a most magnificant palace, and sights and sounds to which they were entirely unaccustomed met them everywhere. The majoraffected his usual indifference, however, and his wife played the part of an invalid, while they jounger members exhibited makes of surprise, and felt very strangely out of plack. The presentation of the young lody to her kindred was managed with peculiar tact and delicacy—all the servants reiting, and plain Peggy Dawson leading a maiden forward of such lovely appearance that whether he were stylph or angel really puzzled the beholders. Her face was slightly suttued with a blush, a tear drop stood in either eye, yet a sweet smile played upon her features, and with the most medolious accents, she fell upon her aunt's neck and embeaced her; but Wiss. A twell's house and delicaced his put Wiss. A twell's house and endeaded his put Wiss. A twell's hautur and sense of dignity reputsed the embrace, and cold ly added. "" we American have no such silly was of braced her; but Mrs. Atwell's hauteur and sense of digatity regulated the embrace, and coldly added," we Americans have no such silly ways of expressing our joy to strangers." The fairy nymph apological, and with sweet simplicity turned her radiant face upon her cousins,—they, too, were cold and distant. This check upon the youthful enthusiasm of Peggy's real divinity as she regarded her, was met with an ill grace; conversation became very formal, and Angela's bright conceptions of her real relatives whom she could love and live with, were overcast. The dinner was a spelndid affair, but neither lord nor dutchess graced it—even Peggy Dawson did obelsance to her guests, and the fair Angela led off the whole affair as would have

become a prince's daughter; but for the first time in her life was she made conscious that, for some unknown fault, she was coldly and con-

become a prince's daughter; but for the first time in her life was she made conscious that, for some unknown fault, she was coldly and contemptuously treated. Not a loving glance did the aunt deign to bestow upon her; not a word of tendemess dropped from her consins' lips; but the young men looked on delighted at so fair a type of beauty, and all their ideas of the Graces personiled, were met as they gazed upon Angela. The coldness and austerity of the female triot toward their young charge continued unabased while they remained in her neighborhood, and no winning mood of Angela's could melt the iceberg which encased their hearts; but the young men were fall of enthusiasm, and part of the continent to Switzerland, Lally, etc., really parting from to lovely an object with deep regret, while they continually chieded their partners for their repulsive manners towards so lovely a being.

We are once more in an American home! Mrs. Atwell ties in a darkenebt chamber, and only one slight form is bending over her, chafing her temple, and repeating some sweet words from a hymn taught her by her deceased father.

"Angela," says a low, subdued voice, "you have been to me as a ministering angel. Forgive me the past—my proud nature is broken. I love you as I never before loved any being. My little comforter, raise my head, that I may look once more upon the esting sun. Yonder fleecy cloud rises above the darker one in the western horizon; but the sun makes his way alike through both, saffering only a temporary becausaing—a-bave you come to my live's last

fleecy cloud rises above the darker one in the westers horizon; but the sun makes his way alike through both, suffering only a temporary obscuration,—so have you come to my life's last setting. Where are my nicese, your cousins, Angela's "They came forward with moistened yees. "Where are my aciese, your cousins, Angela's "They came forward with moistened yees. "Where are Jacob's brothers and sisters—Where is the faithful Peggy "
"All are here, sant;" whispered a soft voice. "Well then, let me tell you all," replied the faithing woman, "there is not a pang that so corrodes my peace now like that which I feel in not fully requiling the love, and acknowledging the claim of this young lamb, as a part of the great Shepherd's fold. Here, upon my death-bed, let me vindicate the wrong I have done her. May Heaven forgive us all erring children, and may we meet above where frailties are unknown." Angela wiped the cold perspiration from the brow of her annt, leaned her head genty against the heart—the was no more. Thus did the lovely Angela wis her way to the most affectionate regard of those who discarded her, not by beauty alone, although she was such a model ofynmenty, nor by accomplishments merely, although she was such a model ofynmenty, nor by accomplishments merely, although she was such a model ofynmenty, nor by accomplishments merely, although she was son highly cultivated, but rather by that sweet adaptation of herself in a sacrificing spirit, and by those gentle tones which touched every heart, that make us feel that true goodness it resistible to conquer the most obturns heart.

We gain but one more glimpse of Angela cre was part with her forever. She has comforted the hearts of all her father's kindred; she has helped them to live, to suffer patiently, and to die (for most of them have gone before), and yet there is a how of promise which he describe from out the checkered path and stormy sky which has overcast her being. A bright and manly form stands beside her,—he is officity pedigroe, of strong and firm p

ican pedigreo-ber father, blessed sool, lived like a saint and died like a Christian. England has no son of whom she may be more proud than he who mude this adopted country his home. And in this receptacle lies the mother and daughter. We were in the service of that daughter many years, and not a dry eye is ever seen when we speak of her as dead. Would thus she were canoulized as a saint, she shed such a holy example around her; God's blessing went with her,—she ministered to us all. The man we cill ber busband has lived in sections nice her death. He has sold his great estate and changed his manner of living. I was a dismissed servant who drove his chariot and the dear lady to her airing day after day. But he faded like a drooping rose, and when she died my master buried her here and raised than of the Flock."

Those travellers were so much moved by the touching pathos of their guide that they institute darker here and farther inquiries, which left them no room to doubt but this was the burial place of the once fair Angela Barnett.

One came with light and laughing air,
And cheek like opening bioseom;
Bright gems were twined amid her hair,
And glittered on her boson.
And pear's and costly braceleis deck
Her round white arms and lovely neck.

Another came—o'er her milaface,
A pensive chade was stealing;
Yet there no grief of earth we trace,
By that deep, holy feeling,
Which mouras the heart should ever
From the pure fount of truth away.

Around her brow, as snow-drop fair, The glossy tresses cluster; Nor pearl, nor ornament was there, Save the meck spirit's lustre. And faith and hope beamed from her eye, And angula bowed as she passed by.

#### [Written for The Flag of our Union.] EFFIE STANWOOD.

BY MRS. SARAH E. DAWES.

MY MRS. SARAH E. DAWES.

On a cold, dreary afternoon in mid winter,
Mrs. Stanwood sat near a cheerful fire in an elegandly farnished parlor, with her little daughter
Ellie playing by her side. The wind howled
mourfully without, and the rain and sleet beat
upon the window panes, ever and amon startling
Ellie from her play, who would run to the winddow and exclaim:

"O monther, how it storms; and the streets
are almost deserted. How dreafful such a day
must be for the poor! I hope no little children
are without shelter, now."

"It is indeed a sad storm, Ellie," replied Mrs.
Stanwood, "and I am glad to hear my little girl.

are without shelter, now."

"It is indeed a and storm, Effle," replied Mrs. Stanwood,," and I am glad to hear my little girl, who is surrounded with so many conforts, speak so thoughtfully of those whom fortune has favored less highly. Ever, my child, cultivate this spirit, for it will make you hambly grateful to your heavenly Father, for all your mercies, and shield your heart from the selishness that too often accompanies the possession of wealth." At this moment a servant entered, saying that a sweet looking little girl, thinly clad, and shivering with cold, was standing in the hall, and wished to see the lady of the house.
"Let her come in," and Mrs. Stanwood, whose heart ever beat with generous feeling for the nedy; "poor child, it must be dire necessity that has sent her out this stormy day."

The door opened, and a pale-looking child of some eight sammers timidily entered, and advancing towards Mrs. Stanwood, and raising her large blue eyes swimming in tears, to her face, said:
"Kind lady, tell me what I shall do for my

vancing towards Mrs. Sianwood, and raising her large blue oyes swimming in tears, to her face, said?

"Kind lady, tell me what I shall do for my poor mams, for she is very sick. We have no wood, and nothing to eat. My brother is staying with her now. He wished to come instead of me, but I would not let him, for he was sick all night, because he got so cold yesterday, while trying to get work. O, what will become of us I"
The little supplisat could proceed no further, but burst into tears. Effle, who had gradually approached the child, now flung her dimpled arms around her neck, and begged her not tory so hard, and leading her towards the fire, made her sit down on her own cricket, and warm her cold fingers.

Mrs. Stanwood, who was in the habit of questioning those who applied to her for relief, forbore to do so at this time, for the innocent, carful expression of that putarned face was stamped indelibly with truth. Hastily ordering her carriage, she bade Effe run to bid the house-keeper put up a basket of provisions immediately, while she went to prepare to visit he home of the little sufferer.

Effic ran or rather flew on her errand of mercy, for, like her mother, nothing touched her essaitive heart so much, as a tale of distress. She soon returned, and giving her companion a hug alice of cake, seated herest bedside her, and began with childih curiosity to ask her where she lived, and what was her mane.

"My smene is Emma Leighton," said the child; "and I live a long, long weary way from here, no an old house, and never saw such nice things as these before. Your mama will be afraid to come to our house."

"You smene is Emma Leighton," said the child; "Mother offen goes to poor places, and sometimes takes me with her, for she says when I see how a great many other little children live, it will make me like my own dear home so much the more."

Here the conversation of the little ones was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Stanwood.

the more."

Here the conversation of the little ones was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Stauwobd, all muffled in furs for her ride, and throwing a cloak of Effic's upon Emma's shoulders, she led all multed in furs for her ride, and throwing a clock of Effect yope Emmas's shoulders, she led her to the carriage, and soon the pair were on their way to the home of powerty. Arrived there, they ascended a dilapidated staircase, and entered a room in the third story, where upon a miscands beat in one corner lay a very much emaciated but still lovely woman, scarcely thirty years of age. Her features were pinched and sharpened by want and sickness.

By her side stood a boy of about twelve years, whose high forehead hore the impress of a lofty mind, although the lines of premature care gave as ad look to his finely-formed mouth, and somewhat dimmed the lustre of his large, dark mealeyers. Mrs. Stamwood approached the bed and pareceived with a shudder that the poor woman was unconscious, perhaps dead.

"How long," she asked the boy, "how long has your mother laid in this insensible state?"

"About an hour. I tried a long time to warm her hands and make her open her eyes again, and once she secmed to awake a little, but my hands got so cold I did not like to touch her any more. O tell me, is my poor mother dead?"

"I think not," said Mrs. Stanwood, "but "hink not," said Mrs. Stanwood, "but

something must be done immediately, or I fea what you so much dread will happen."

She despatched Henry for some wood, while she busied herself in trying to restore to animation the unconscious woman. Henry soon returned, and a biasing fire quickly sent is cheerful light around the room. At last, Mrs. Leighton opened her eyes and saw the cheeful fire, and her children sitting comfortably by it; she raised her eyes to the face of Mrs. Stanwood with a look of intense gratitude, and then pointing with her thin fingers towards heaven, she faintly marraunt —: "He will reward you. He who givesh to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." Then rousing, as if by a sudden impulse, she said:

who givesh to the poor, leaded to the Lord."
Then rousing, as if by a sudden impulse, she said:

"Kind lady, I know not who you are, but I feel that I am indebted to your kindness for my present comfort, and before death shall have sealed my lips forever, I wish to say a few words with regard to my circumstances. I was the daughter of worthy parents who lived in a pleasant village not many miles from here, and in my sevententh year, having been introduced to Henry Leighton, he won my young heart and not many mouths elapsed before 1 became his bride. We moved to the city, and for a while he was all my ardent heart could desire; I thought him perfect, and was happy. But soon he became cold and indifferent, and all the love he once felt for me seemed to have left his beart. One day he being colder than usual, I asked him the reason, and he told me he had only married me because to toke the feath of the told of the cold of the cold, and my poor children. At myself by sevenig until my health gave way, and I came to this place, and having spent all my little savings, I was reduced to the situation you ow find me in. Ere another hour I shall be old in death, and my poor children, for myself by sevenig until my health gave way, and I came to this place, and having spent all my little savings, I was reduced to the situation you ow find me in. Ere another hour I shall be old in death, and my poor children, for the cital, and when the poor woman had finished, she bent over her, and said in an amment whisper.—"Fear not, by the fore I once hore their fa

comes, and mysterious are the ways of thy providence."

With the assistance of a woman she summonde from the next room, the body of Mrs. Leighton was decently laid out, and leaving the woman to watch that none entered the room, she led the sobbling children to her carriage, and soon had the motherless ones seated by her own

ied the sobbing children to her carriage, and soon had the motherless ones seated by her own cheerful fire with her own Effie.

The following day a small but depent band of mourners followed the remains of Mrs. Leighton to her last resting-place. And as Mrs. Stanwood returned from the grave with the orphans, she realized the fearful responsibility resting upon her, from which she dared not shrink.

In course of time, Henry Leighton was put with a rich merchant of Mrs. Stanwood's acquaintance, who no long afterwards went to the East Indies, taking Henry with him.

Emma's sweet temper won the love of all who knew her, and each succeeding year brought forth now charms of person and mind. Effic loved her as a sister, and Mrs. Stanwood never showed or felt towards her anything but a mother's love.

ed her as a sister, and Mrs. Stanwood never showed or felt towards her anything but a mother's love.

One fine summer afternoon some years after the events just narrated, two lovely girls stood arm in arm on the plazas of Col. Stanwood's country residence; and one may recognize in that highly flower of the standard of the standard standard sentences, and in those lovely cras beaming with love and and sentences, Emma Leighton. By her side is the queenly figure of Effic-Stanwood. Effic is much changed since we last saw her, in beauty of person. As she stands, her head is slightly thrown back, her ich, black hair parted smoothly on her marble brow, and guthered in a knot at the back of her finely shaped head; her eyes sparkling with vivacity, and her lips parted in a smile, showing her beautiful teeth.

"Come, Emma," said Effic, putting her arm round her alight waist," come, let us take a walk this pleasant afternoon to the little mapie grove, where we enjoyed so many pleasant chats last sammer. I hope old Winter has seen fit to touch it gently with his frosty flugers."

Emma started slightly as her companion finished speaking, for she had been indulging in a little fit of abstraction, and had head only half of what had been said to her, and she answered dreamily:

"Yes, Effie, nothing would give me greater

little fit of abstraction, and had heard only half of what had been said to her, and she answered dreamily:

"Yes, Effle, nothing would give me greater pleasure than a walk. We will get our honnets and be off."

Effle scanned her face rather mischievously as so dreamy, to day? You go about with the sir of one lost to all present things. Say, has Frank Harcourt been laying siege to that little heart of yours? And if so, what will become of my poor brother Edgar! for ever since he returned from college, he has had no ears or eyes for any body but my darling Emma."

"O Effic! Frank Harcourt indeed! Why, he scarcely gives me a passing glance when you are by, and pat you talk of sis laying sego to my heart. You are jealous, Effic, because you are win tasking to me in the garden last evening. And all he said to me was, 'Pray, is Miss Stanwood iii, that she is not with you to might?

As you are always together, I thought there must be some urgent reason, especially as she likes moonlight rambles. There now, don't you see it is not poor me who attracts the brilliant Frank Harcourt. You do well to avail yourself of your boot-leading to hide your bothshes."

The girls indulged in this hantering until they reached the maple grove, where, seating themselves on a seat, they threw off their bonnets and gave themselves up to the enjoyment of being in the open air. Emma sank into a brown study, and being teased by Effet to reveal the cause, she said:

gave themselves up to the enjoyment of being in the open air. Emma sank into a brown study, and being teased by Effic to reveal the cause, ahe said:

"I had a dream last night, and it has been haunting me ever since, it seemed so life-like. I cannot get rid of the impression that it will come to pass in some way. I dreamed I was walking in this very grove, and suddenly an old wrinkted woman stood before me. Laying her bony fingers on my arm and peering into my face, sho said: 'there is a great surprise in store for you; and Effie Stanwood whom you love so much, in a twelve month will wed one who shall knit your hearts closer than ever. You look incredulous now, but the time will surely come when you will think of my words and know how true they were.' Thus saying he vanished, leaving me in a state of bewilderment. If my dear brother had not been taken away from us by death, I could then see how my dream might come true, but now—"

"Who knows what will turn up? But hack, I hear voices, and my name as plain as can be, said Effic. "You know the old sadage, 'Listeners never hear any good of themselves;' and I am going to hide and prove the truth of it."

The two young gits had scarcely got concealed when two young men came along. "I say, decorge, that git shall be mine by fair means or foul, if for no other reason than to thwart Prank Harcourt, who is a frequent visitor of late at Colonel Stanwood's. Yes, Miss Stanwood would not look at you. You are only a bowing acquisitance, and mere as yet have received an invitation to the house."

"Nomessen," replied his friend. "Miss Stanwood whall, ere out he cassily won,"

Effic staid to hear no more, but indignantly setting the hand of Emma, they stole back to their former seat.

"The I can be easily won, can I's We shall see. Did you ever hear such unparalleted impudence? before another month, I shall be the willing bride of William Hammond. Monstrous!"

After this burst of indignation, Effic sat for some time in deep thought, then starting up, she exclaimed: "Wow I have

After this burst of indignation, Effle sat for some time in deep thought, then starting up, she exclaimed: "Now I have a plan. You know Cousin Alice Stamwood is to visit us next week, and while she is here, I will give a party. Edgar shall invite this pompous braggart, and we will pass Alice off for myself, and then he will feel rather chaggined, I think, when he finds, after all his boasting, he has been trapped. What say you, Emma, do you think my plan feasible!"

feel rather chagrined, I think, when he finds, after all his boasting, he has been trapped. What say yon, Emma, do you think my plan feasible?"

"By all means, and I will assist you, for he ought to be punished."

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Hearing the tea bell ringing at this moment, the two girls started for the house fall of their plans. While the family are quietly sipping their tea, we will endeavor to explain to our readers the reason of William Hammond's enmity to Frank Harcourt.

"In his boyhood, William Hammond was a famous cricket player, and for years enjoyed his trimph without a rival. He had a very fiery temper, and considered being beat at a cricket match the worst affliction that could befall him, and more than once was heard to vow rengeance on him who should rob him of his laurels. The family of the Harcourts moved to the village, and a cricket match coming off soon after, Frank Harcourt was invited by some of the boys to join in the sport. He did so, and in an unlucky moment, so at least it became to him, he won the game, and was carried off the field amid the shous of triumph from the boys, for they gloried in the defeat of William Hammond, who was so obnoxious to them by his arrogance. Ever afterwards it seemed the settled purpose of William Hambond, and outwardly was very prepossessing, yet within his heart was filled with malignant fire. The reason of his wishing to wim Elife for his bride, was not because he had any love for her, but he had of late noticed Frank Harcourt's attentions to her. And then Colonel Stanwood was ricks, and if he gained Effie, his fortunes, which were on the wane, would be considerably brightened, hence the resolution we have spoken of.

"Alice, my dear, are you ready?" said an elderly lady, as she entered her daughter's room, where she was dressing apparently for a journey.

"Yes, my dear, are you ready?" said an elderly lady, as she entered her daughter

me every week, and I will lingrove every means of communication with you."

"Yes, my dear, you shall have a letter from me quite as often as I imagine you will find time to answer me. But Alice, remember, since your father's failure and our removal from A——, the communication between the families has been somewhat broken, and I know not how your Cousin Effic, whon I have heard has grown to be a brilliant and accomplished lady, will receive her portionless cousin, whom she has not seen for many years."

"If I hought she would treat me coldly, mother, or be less glad to see me on account of our altered circumstances, I am ser I would not burden her with my presence; but she answered

my letter so kindly, begging me to come and stay with her, I cannot think your fears have any foundation."

my letter so kindly, begging me to come and stay with her, I cannot think your fears have any foundation."

"I hope not, Alice; and indeed, if she possesses her mother's generous disposition, she will receive you with open arms. I did not say that to damp your spirits, but if such a reception should be yours, you may not be disappointed." 'Stage ready!' shouted the driver of that clamsy vehicle, as he drove up to the door. Alice, hastily imprinting a kiss on her mother's check, rabbed down stairs, and was soon on her way to A—, esated in a corner of the coach. Her heart beat alternately between hope and fear as she neared her uncle's residence, for perhaps Elle might be the proud cousin her mother had feared. All her forebodings vanished like mist, as Colonel Stanwood and his wife gave her ak iss of welcome, and led her into the drawing-room, where she was clasped in the arms of Elfle, and before an hour had passed, the two were conversing as freely as if they had never been separated. Alice thought no more of coldiness. After tea, the girls hied to their customes. After tea, the girls hied to their customes. The repojected party was to come off in three days, and Alice must be instructed in the part she was to play. Elle briefly told her the plan. Alice at first had many scruples about assuming the position of Effle. But she yielded at last to the pleading of Effle and Emma, and it was agreed that she was to receive the attentions of Mr. Hammond.

They had just settled all their plans, when

agreed that she was to receive the attentions of Mr. Hammond.

They had just settled all their plans, when Edgar Stanwood made his appearance, accompanied by Frank Harcourt. They all remained ralking all the lengthening shadows warned them of the lateness of the hour. Edgar managed to get near Emma unpreceived, as he thought, but Edile noticed it, and seizing Alice by the arm and calling Frank to follow, she belf them to eploy the deepening twilight together. Emma rose to follow them, but Edgar eguly detained her. Taking her unresisting hand in his, he poured into her car for the first time his tale of love. Emma blashed and stammered. She murmur-ed something about being only a dependent, but Edgar banished all those fears by assuring her that he had often heard his parents wish that this might happen. When they left the spot, now doubly dear to Emma, they were betrothed lovers.

It is the expenien of the nearty and the three.

lovers.

Ris he evening of the party, and the three girls have just finished dressing. There stands Effie robed in white, with no ornaments save a half blown damak rose, peeping forth from among her raven tresses. Notwithstanding the simplicity of her dress, there is the queenly bearing which distinguishes Effie. Alice is leaning against the window, almost bewildered by the brilliancy of her appearance. Site is attired in a tissue of costly fabric, over an under dress of white silk, while among her auburn curis dash diamonds of great brilliancy. On her neck and arms are rich jewels, and altogether, she looks the personation of Effic Stanwood, the hieress. Einma is dressed simply but richly, and her sweet face is, lighted up with such linward joy that she looks if possible more lovely than ever. Just now Edgar rushed into the room, and kissing the girls, beginning with Emma of course, he announced that he had made a great acquisition to the party in shape of a young man from the West Indies.

"Now, sister, do your best, for I have set my heart upon your making a conquest of the handsome stranger."

By this time the company were assembling, and they descended to the drawing-room. Emma and Effie were standing by a choor which led into a heastful conservatory, when Edgar came up with the stranger, and touching Effie on the shoulder, he said:

"Effic, allow me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Leighton." Effic returned his salutation with her usual dignity.

"And now," he said, "I will make you acquainted with my adopted sister, or perhapa I should asy, Miss Emma Leighton."

Emma pelome to be strenger, and touching Effie on the shoulder, he said:

"Effic, allow me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Leighton." Effic returned his alutation with her usual dignity.

"And now," he said, "I will make you acquainted with my adopted sister, or perhapa I should asy, Miss Emma Leighton."

Emma negletic, the proper should be my long best brother."

Emma negletic, the proper should be my long best brother."

Emma negletic, hop

"O Miss Stanwood, could you know how the beauty and sweetness of that peerless fine has entered into my very soul, and how, for months, I have loved you in secrete, never daring to ask an interview with you until now, you would certainly listen favorably to me. O, can you, will you be mile? Only murrar that sweet word 'yes,' and I will instantly seek your fasher; the control of the property of t

he refuse, my life will be a blank."

Withdrawing her hand which he had seized, she said with coldness: "You must labor under some mistake; I only arrived here the day before yesterday, and as for my father, he died nine years ago."

Hammond sprung to his feet, and looking at her said: "Are you not Miss Stanwood, daughter of Colonel Stanwood!" "Undoubselly I am Miss Stanwood, nice of Colonel Stanwood, while was the said: "He stood confounded, and while susine new the stood of the said of the said of the stood confounded and while susine new the said of the said of

He stood confounded, and while gazing upon He stood confounded, and while gazing upon her beauty, he felt that while intending to thwart Frank Harcourt, he had lost his heart. He then asked her if she was perfectly indifferent to him. She gave an evasive but not wholly unfavorable answer, and satisfied with that for this time, they returned to the house.

answer, and sansoned wan than to me inter, key returned to the house.

The party at Colonel Stanwood's was the commencement of a series that followed-each other in rapid succession, and never had the good people of A—known such a brilliant season. Horseback rides and water parties were the order of the day. The Misses Stanwood and Emma Leighton attracted their usual share of admiration. Frank Harcourt, as formerly, was often seen wending his way to the dwelling of Colonel Stanwood, but rumor says he has long since resigned all pretensions to the hand of Effic, and that his place is filled by Henry Leighton. Gossip says Frank finds his attraction in the sweet Alice.

The weeks flow rapidly by, and Alice, yielding

the sweet Alice.

The weeks flew rapidly by, and Alice, yielding to the entreaties of her friends, still remains with them. She often wondered at herself being willing to stay so long away from her mother; but at such times the image of Frank Harcourt would rise before her and she would yield be the pleasure of being near him. She still kept up her dirtation,—if I may call it so—with William Hammond. He seemed sure of the prize, and dreamed of no rival.

One aftergone towards the least of America.

mer airtaion,—it is may call it so—with William Hammond. He seemed sure of the prire, and dreamed of no rival.

One afternoon towards the last of August, a picnic was held in a neighboring grove, as a sort of farewell party, is being the last one of the season. Effic and Emma were present with their lovers, their faces radiant with that happiness which fills the hearts of young people during the first weeks or mouths of their betrothal. Colonel Stanwood and lady were also there, as sort of honorary members, and they moved about among the assembled people, their hearts filled with joy to overflowing, for in the projected union of their children, their highest wishes were to be realized. On this occasion William Hammond was more attentive than ever to Alice, and was constantly seeking an opportunity to declare his passion a second time. Frank Harcourt was sitting beside Alice in a retired part of the grove, when through an opening in the bauks he espied his enemy approaching in their direction. Hastily concealing himself behind a tree he awaited in approach. William perceiving Alice alone, immediately joined her, and like Frank we will listen to their conversation.

"Dearest Alice, I hear that you are to leave here soon, and now I cannot longer be kept in suspense, with regard to my fate. I need not say again how much I love you. I love you with all the deep, overwhelming affection of a passionate nature. Tell me, does your heart return that affection? Can I ever hope to call you my wife?"

"Mr. Hammond, I have reason to believe that the motives which first prompted you to seek

passionate naturo. Tell me, does your heart return that affection? Can I ever hope to call
you my wife?"

"Mr. Hammond, I have reason to believe that
the motives which first prompted you to seek
my presence, were of the basest kind; that you
have since learned to love me I will not dispute,
but I assure you, I would never trust much to the
love, or give my hand to one who merely for
revenge sought me. I have permitted your attentions, merely to give you a lesson. My final
answer is this, I can never become your wife, for
I shall ere a mouth passes, become the bride of
Frank Harcourt."

Stung as if by an adder, he sprang to his feet,
while his face grew livid with passion.
"Has he dared to rival me again, and rob me
of the only being I ever loved! The thought is
maddening. Alice Stanwood, I lewer you, but
I bear with me a hatted and hope for vengeance,
that will sometime break out and may its effects
fall on him who has ever been my evil spriit."

As he passed the tree where Frank was concealed, Frank stepped out. William with a cry
of rage sprang forward, and with one blow of
his fist, he struck him to the earth, and springing
over him was soon out of sigis. Her criers soon
brought assistance, and ere long Frank was renferror she rushed to his side. Her criers soon
brought assistance, and ere long Frank was renferror to rushed to his side. Her criers soon
brought assistance, and ere long Frank was renorder to result the summand of the residence of Colcol Stanwood, where he remained until entirely
recovered.

Nothing was ever heard of William Hammond,

recovered.

Nothing was ever heard of William Hammond, except that he had departed for a distant land. Colonel Stanwood soon after returned to the city; and passing over a few weeks, we will visit them there, for, judging from the brilliant illumination, something pleasant must be going on. As we enter the rooms, we see Colonel Stanwood and his still lovely lady beaded him, looking the same as when we first introduced her to you, save that she wears a light cap to conceal the few gray hairs that are sprinkled among her jetty locks. The mother of Alice is there, also, and many representatives of the Harcourt family, and all glause frequently to the door. It opens and three lovely maidens, leaning upon their lovers' arms enter, and glide gracefully to the other said of the room, and stanta before the man of God. The ceremonies are concluded, and Edgar and Emma Stanwood, Effle and Henry Leighton, Alice and Frank Harcourt, are busand and wife, and each felt their responsibility, as fell the solems words, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." Nothing was ever heard of William Hamm

## PARTHE COL FLAG of our UNION San State State Services

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR

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CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"The Trappers," a tale by ANNR T. WILBUR.

"The Forged Note," a story by H. W. LORING.

"Nancy," is also by GRO, CANING HILL.

"Our Uook's Revenge," a sea sketch by AUSTIN C.

r and Pleasure," Hnes by H. W. Payson.
" a poem by Edmund Balley.
wood Flowers," stantas by Mrs. R. T. Eldredgi Invisible Monitor," versee by J. Alford.

#### PRESERVING THE HEALTH.

PRESERVING THE HEALTH.

It strikes us that there is a vast deal of unnecessary alarm evinced by people touching epidemics and other prevailing sicknesses. There is very little doubt that not a few people actually induce the illness they so pertinacionally strive to avoid, by the taking of nostrums and so-called medicinal preventives, when they are perfectly well. The stomach is easily disordered by these unnatural and foreign substances, and cannot but be rendered feverish and irritable thereby. In sickness, avoid all quack medicines as you would known poisons; call in the aid of a good physician, and relief is at hand.

The principal cause of alarm of late, has been prevalence in our midst of the cholera, a serious and oftentimes fatal visitant, but in ninceases out of ten the victim has himself or herself to thank for incarring the disorder. Gross imprudence in partaking of food, the eating of morphological causes of cholera, is the eating of morphological causes of cholera. The eating of morphological causes of cholera. The very choice is a class of people who seem to revel in filth and the cause of the control causes of cholera. The sure, there is a class of people who seem to revel in filth and dirt generally, who get so thoroughly poisoned by noxious vapors as to be at once beyond the power of medicine.

Now a proper regard for health requires scrupulous cleaniliness of the body, and pure air,—these two things strictly observed, and cars as it regards the quality and quantity of food, and there need be very little fear of the visits of cholera. In warm weather the system is always predisposed to bowel complaints, but a vast deal of the so-called cholera is but a

us liquors.
Boston has thus far proved to be the healthiest
of all the cities in the country, and though our
bills of mortality have swollen to an unusual
number, yet we are blessed in this beyond the
share of our neighbors.

WHITE STRAW PAPER.—The Dollar Newspaper, like the Philadelphia Ledger, is printed on paper made from straw, by Mellier's process. This paper is really excellent and beautiful. It is much stronger than paper made from rags. It is firm and hard like linen paper, and as white as any paper printed in the country. We are happy to herald the complete success of white priming paper from straw. A correspondent of the Tribune asys that he Le Presse, in Paris, is printed on the above paper, and that it is the whitest sheet of any of the journals of that city. The propheters of the patent have an agent there.

SWEDISH IDMIGRAYS.—The Swedes, who

WEDISH IMMIGRANTS .- The Swedes, who SWEDISH IMMORATS.—In Swedes, who of late are arriving rather numerously, constitute one of the most valuable classes of foreigners who seek to make homes in the new world. They do not attempt to linger in the cities, but find their way as soon as possible to the agricultrant regions of the Far West, where they generally become substantial citizens.

SONTAG.—An English papers says a daughter of Madame Sontag, destined for the stage, large-ly inherits the personal elegance, beauty of voice and refined culture that made her late mother a standard of artistic excellence.

Shot at Sir Charles Natier.—The London Diogenessays: "Since 'the race is not to the swift,' etc., why wonder at the tardiness of the Fleet?"

Perjury.—Four of the Ward jurymen have een held to bail in \$1000 each for perjury in that trial, at Elizabethtown, Ky. Son Son

THE EUROPEAN WAR.

The London Times recently declared that continual dependence or reliance on diplomacy might suit the system of protraction and delay which Russia so evidently encourages, but that is should not and does not accord with the interests of England. That journal says: "It is clear that we have arrived at a stage in these transactions in which a single event is worth a file of proctocols, and the best security of success is to do with all our might the work we have undertaken."

A lase letter from Paris, synskine of the new terms and the security of the contractions of the new terms and the security of the contractions.

sile of proctocots, and the best security of success is to do with all our might the work we have undertaken."

A late letter from Paris, speaking of the new attitude of Russia, says that while the Caracases a diplomatist to speak the language of conciliation, he is in reality accumulating all the means of war upon the Austrian frontier. No one doubts now the baseness of Austria; no one can hesitate in believing her now, as she always has been, base and treacherous at the heart's core, and that the British Ministry have been most egregiously duped by Austrian duplicity. Henris Merchant's Magazine, for August, has a powerful, ogent paper on the commercial view of the Russo-Turkish question, in which the ground is justly taken that this great warmed the series of securing the rights of Turkey, for whom neither England nor France have any great love. It pertinently asks why those two powers are so anxious for justice to be meted out now to Turkey, when they both ast silently and say any superious against it?

This is an important question, and one which the people of France and England would soon settle if left to themselves, by thrusting out the faithless rulers and ministry, who are at this moment arrangiling for the supremacy of despotism in opposition to the liberal principles and institutions for which the people of TRADE.

#### COURSE OF TRADE.

COURSE OF TRADE.

While British India is exporting £300,000 worth of flaxesed, and throwing away £500,000 of 5bre, Ireland is raising to the value of some £5,000,000 of that fibre, and rotting in the steeppools £500,000 worth of seed! It is Russia about that has been benefited by the ignorance of the Irindo and the carelessness of the Irish farmer. No particle of the valuable plant is allowed by the nobles to go to waste. She sells Great Britain to the value of £3,000,000 of fibre and £300,000 of seed each year, and does not even take manufactures in return. The Hindoo burnt the fibre, and the Ulsterman rots the seed. There is now a serious apprehension of a scarticy of foreign seed for next year's sowing in Ireland, and the Belfast Mercury urges Irish farmers for once to save the seed of their group portion of what is converted, in the oil milgorportion of what is converted, in the oil milgo the United Kingdom, into linseed oil and cake, both of which are so widely consumed.

QUEER TEA.

Some sixty tons of Gaupowder Tea have been received in New York, from San Francisco. The Journal of Commerce any there is not the least smell or taste of tea about it, but in appearance it is the most complete initiation we over saw. It is probably made of this paper rolled in mud; but in weight, color, and peculiar shape of the leaf and everything else but fiare, it cannot be distingished from the gennine article. Even the little bits of broken stones seen in good samples of gaupowder tea, are imarticle. Even the little bits of broken stones seen in good samples of gunpowder teas, are im-isted to the life—apparently from the same material. Once mixed with the genuine tea, the adulteration could hardly be discovered; and it may be well for dealers to keep a lookout as to the disposal of this invoice.

An AMERICAN ARTIST.—Some time ago it was announced that Crawford, the American sculptor, had been elected a member of the Inperial Academy at St. Petersbarger, Late German papers contain intelligence of the same artist having been made, on motion of the King of Bavaria, a member of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, at Munich, at the same time with Fogleberg, the Swedish sculptor, who has resided the last forty pears at Rome. It is said that Mr. Crawford is the first American artist on whom these distinctions have been conferred.

Whom these distinctions have been conterred.

CITY OF MARBLE.—Louis Napoleon did not
find Paris brick, but he appears to intend, it is
said, to leave it marble. If the marble is only
skin-deep, like what are courteosly called marble buildings in New York, Paris will be as much
a city of marble, as a house is so because two
or three of its fire-places are adorned with mantels of that material.

A CHOLERA INCIDENT. — A stout, healthy woman, residing in Brooklyn, who washed some clothes for a person who had recently disembarked from a foreign royage, was taken with the Asiatic cholera the next day and died. Her husband and five children followed her within the space of seven days.

MADAME THILLON.—This accomplished ac tress and vocalist, we are assured by the press of New York, has retired from the stage forever. Her admirers in this city will regret that she did not visit us before bidding adieu to the stage.

EMIGRATION.—Fifty one emigrant ships, with 21,767 passengers, left Liverpool during the month of June, of which thirty-two were for the United States, with nearly 14,000 of the

VERMONT MARBLE.—A specimen from the Vermont quarries was recently exhibited in the Park, New York. It is of a rich green, varie-gated with irregular veins, and is very durable.

GREAT RELIEF.—Under this head the New York Herald mentions the adjournment of Con-gress, and the cool weather.

BAD.—Bull-fights are becoming popular in

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The present population of Portland, Maine, is estimated at 30,000.

He that shoots at the stars may hurt himself, but will not endanger them. 1,000,000 baukels of wheat will be raised in Dodge county, Wisconsin, this year.

A quicksitiver mine has been discovered at Walesburg, Oregon.

It is not cast to impose the tongue's silence upon the heart's grievance.

Abernethy's prescription for curing the gout was, "Live on a shilling a day and earn it."

Trotting mare "Belle of Saratoga" has been bought by a gentleman in New York for \$5000.

He that scoffs at the crooked should stand upright himself.

Tobacco has got to be quite a common product in Onondaga county, N. Y.

A large field of canal coal has been discovered in Hill county, in Texas.

Nothing but may be better, and every better may be best.

There are eighty-seven pupils in the Kentucky institution for the deaf and dumb.

Ship George Peabody arrived a Boston, 8th inst., with 90d emigrants from Liverpool.

Matthew F. Bogardus fell dead white conversing with a fired, at Fishkill, N. Y., lately.

The New York Tribune says that business is duller in that city than at any time since 1837.

Ten prisoners escaped from Derroit jail on the 3d inst., by a hole cut in the wall.

At Melbourne, Australia, May 30, business was very dull and goods held high prices.

Sir Edmund Head is shortly to assume the governor-generalship of Canada.

It is as great a point of wisdom to hide ignorance, as to discover knowledge.

Immesse numbers of mackerel have swarmed our shores, and lately been freely caught.

M. Gleason was at last dates in Vienna, in good health and spirits.

Look out for mad dogs—they are fatally wounding people every-where.

an: Greason was at last dates in vicana, in good health and spirits.

Look out for mad dogs—they are fatally wounding people everywhere.

No evil action can be well done; but a good one may be ill done.

one may be ill done.

A NEW WEAPON.

Louis Napoleon's "Cest-Gordes" are to be armed with the weapon known as the fusil lance. It is a little more than 4-1-2 feet long, and at the extremity a flast sword, 3 feet long, can be fixed. Detached from the carbine, it is easily handled, and is light and elegant in form. The fasil-lance complete weighs only 6-1-2 pounds, which is 2-1-4 less than the rifle of the Chasseurs de Vincennes, without the bayonet. It carries 1312 yards, the same as the rifle of the Chasseurs seurs, has little or no recoil, and can fire six shots a minute. It is loaded at the breech, with shots a minute. It is loaded at the breech, with shots a minute. It is loaded at the breech, with shots a minute. It is loaded at the breech, with shots a minute. It is loaded not be pleased with this new arm, that he is causing a cavalry pistol to be constructed on the same model; it will carry nearly 875 yards, the distance of an eight-pounder.

#### TOBACCO.

Nearly one-tenth of the whole revenue of Great Britain is derived from the daty on tobactoo. The Chandellor of the Exchequer, in introducing his recent report, said, "the tobacco
dary is a wonderful achievement. We raise five
millions upon an article with a rate of duty of
something like 1200 per cent., and that revenue
is progressively improving from year to year."
This is truly a wonderful state of things. A revenue of five millions of pounds sterling, or twenty-five millions of dollars per annum upon the
sauffers, do you hear that I No wonder the
price of the weed has almost doubled within a
few years.

EFFICTS OF GOOD COMPANY.—M. Rothschild was asked one day, by a young man, an intimate friend of his family, to lend him 5000 france. "No," said the barron, "I only do business now with crowned heads; but I'll get you the money. You may walk with me once along the areades, to the Bourse, taking me familiarly by the arm." The promenade was effected and at the end of it, the young man had his 5000 francs in his pocket, and had refused offers of 50,000 more.

VULCANIZED RUBBER.— Vulcanized India rubber differs from the ordinary article in not being subject to the changes of the weather. The common gum will become very flexible and soft in warm weather, and hard in cold; but, by being vulcanized, it preserves a uniform density in all weathers. The process consists merely in baking it in an oven heated to a given temperature. Sulphur and lead, we believe, are used to give it the requisite consistency.

MORMON RECRUITS.—Among the 440 Swedish passengers by the ship Levi Woodburry, recently arrived from Gottenburg, were 150 Mormons, on their way to Salt Lake city. Their leader had four buxom looking wives, and will, we suppose, double or treble the number on settling down in the Mormon country.

MAKING THE MOST OF IX.—The day after twenty rogues had escaped from jail, out west, the editor of the village paper had an eloquent article on the morals of the place—not a prison-er within the walls of her jail 1 This may be called turning things to account.

New Crrv Hall, New York—The Common Council of New York have appropriated \$600,000 for the erection of a new City Hall. They have also offered a premium of \$600 for the best plan of a new structure.

Accommodating.—A San Francisco steam-boat line advertise two boats on Sunday, to a certain place—one to carry passengers to a camp neeting, the other to a bull-fight.

BLUEBERRIES.—One man of Amherst, N. H., has sold six hundred bushels of blueberries in the Boston market within a few weeks.

## GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,

We give the opening chapters of a new novellette, en-led The Law Student, or, Struggles of the Heart," by

ENUCAD. "Modes of Poreign Travel," No. 11, by F. GLEADON, "Modes of Poreign Travel," No. 11, by F. GLEADON, "Modes and the Japanese," No. 2, by Rev. LOTHER ADDRESS. "The Sergeant's Efficience, "Libes to a Friend," by H. W. PATRON. "Libes to a Friend," by H. W. PATRON. "Libes to a Friend," by H. W. PATRON. "COURSE." "To my Early Poreman," stands by Character German." "On my Early Poreman," stands by Character German. "Mittel," a poem by K. W. TERNEY. "HE WORLD COURSE always by POLOGRAM, "Here by RICHARD."

WRIGHT. ILLUSTRATIONS.

We give in this week's Pictorial a view of the city Philadelphia, the metropolis of Pennsylvania, as refrom the river, with a likeness of its venerable founder.

A portrait of Don Pedro II., emperor of Brasil.

A picture of the Imaum of Muscat.

A representation of a Dance at Zanibar, by the man an empraying of the East Indian Tapir, a most or A view of Springfield, Mass., as seen from the Lo

neadow road.

A picture of the New Arsenal at Springfield, Mass.

A view of the Court House at Springfield, Mass.

A representation of Turner's Falls, on the Connec

River.
View of the Royal Palace at Stockholm. Sweden.
An engraving of the town of Raab. in Hungary.
A pleture of the Snowy Mountain in Eastern Africa.
An engraving of the Embassy from Nepaul, Cent
East India, to the court of Queen Victoria.

#### Foreign Items.

The British Parliament have voted an extra ar credit of £3,000,000.

rar credit of £3,000,000.

The Russian war steamer Volga was capared by the French squadron in the White Sea.

The number of men in France available for and service, in case of war, is a million and a

quarter.

A prize of 6000 frances has been offered by the Emperor of France for the most useful invention tending to improve scamships.

The population of Ireland, according to late returns, is less than 7,000,000, of which fally 3,000,000 are Protestants.

The French transport Pericles, with 2,000,000 francs on board, for the army of Turkey, came in collision with a steamer off Malaga, and sunk with the treasure.

in collision with a steamer off Malaga, and sunk with the treasure.

There is a light-house at Roughley O'Beine, on the most dangerous part of the coast of Donoten on the most dangerous part of the coast of Donoten Could be the County of th

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

If a thing be not proper, do it not; if it be not true, speak it not.—M. Aurel.
Meditate often upon eternity, and no accidents of this mortal life will trouble you.—Fr. Sules.
Defer not charities till death. He that does, is rather liberal of another man's, than his own.—Bacon.

own.—Bason.

Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent; and custom will render is the most excellent; and custom will render is the most delightful.—Pgdngoras.

To be free minded and cheerfully disposed at the hours of mest and of sleep, is one of the best precept for long life.—Bason.

In all differences, consider that both you and your enemy are dropping off, and that ere long, your very memories will be extinguished.—M. The thire. The

The thing I am most afraid of is fear; and that for a good reason—since passion alone, in the trouble of it, exceeds all other accidents.—

that for a goos rescaled the trouble of it, exceeds all other accidents.—
Montaigne.

Good counsel is cast away by the arrogant, the self conceited and the stupid; who are either too proud to take it, or too heavy to understand it.—Sir. R. L. Estrange.

It goes a great way towards making a man faithful, to lee him know that you think him so; gives me a kind of right to cozen him.—Sence...

There is this difference between a man of sense and modesty, and a person of canning and impadence; one shines in his abilities, the other debases himself, and is a disgrace to society—Spectator.

Spectator.

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you; for their censures are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern.—Epictetus.

### Joker's Budget.

Wanted—a mirror in which a man can see his vn faults.

wn faults.

The man who is always as cool as a cucumber, ans., we think, be about as "green."

When you go a fishing be sure to take a higher fore you start; or you may not get one after.

Mr. Dahois is so skeptical that he wont beeve even the report of a cunnon.

Why is an assessor of taxes one of the very est who dream 'Because he never under-rates.

Why is an assessor of taxes one to new vapes of men? Because he never under-rates anyholdy.

The fareer whose pige got so lean they would enset through the cracks of their pen, stopped the control of the pen of their pen, stopped the pen of t

#### Quill and Scissors.

The Cincinnati Gazette says that Mr. D. Garis, a most excellent printer, and for some time the night foreman in that office, received the gratify-ing intelligence, on Fixlay evening that he habecome heir to \$15,000, by the death of an uncle in Louisville.

the other to \$15,000, by the death of an uncle in Louisville.

In Louisville.

In Louisville.

In the clerk of the steamer Mayflower, says the Middle Domocracy, left his office for a few most of the clerk of the steamer than the clerk of t

confined to neither.

A tailor in London has been fined forty shillings for making a const with cloth-covered buttons in the constraint of an establishment of constraint and supports of an establishment of the constraint of the

ish of Madeleine.

The report that the wife of Senor Pinto, one of the rebels against the Monagas government in Venezuela, was whipped to death because she would not disclose the place of her husband's concealment, appears to be true.

a child) were drowned.

A lot, eighty by one hundred and forty feet, was sold in Chicago, a few weeks since, for \$31,800, that cost the owner \$75, just twenty

years ago.

Set bounds to your zeal, by discretion; to error, by truth; to passion, by reason; to divisions, by charity.

The contributions to the Washington Monu-ment during the month of July, amounted to \$3800.

SISOO.

Fruit has been rather scarce in New England uring the present season.

Flour is again cheap; the crops are plentiful, and speculators are disappointed.

The city of New Orleans, we are glad to know, svery healthy this summer.

Niagara Falls has not been so largely visited by travellers this season as usual.

### Marriages.

In this city, Ser. L. B. Schwarz, Mr. Edward BoardBy Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. John O'ldrein to Mits Mary O'.
Matthews. Stow, Mr. John O'ldrein to Mits Mary O'.
Matthews. Stow, Mr. John O'ldrein to Mits Mary O'.
Matthews. Stow, Mr. Berlon E. Saraga to Miss
Strin Howard.
By Rev. Mr. Pet, Mr. Berlon E. Saraga to Miss
Strin Howard.
By Rev. Mr. Pet, Mr. Hiram Nash to Miss Stone W.
By Rev. Mr. Pet, Mr. Hiram Nash to Miss Stone W.
By Rev. L. S. Deletell, Mr. Charles G. Hallbeck to Miss
Charlette S. Himmodorfer, Putnam, Art. S. P. Phillips to
Miss Beilada S. Simmonis.
In Lichelas, by Rev. Win. S. Bartlett, Mr. Richard I.
Al Role Botton, by Rev. T. W. Clark, Mr. Charles M.
Della Dilla Mr. Matthews.
All Rol. Howard Proceed.
Hos Richard Mr. Lee Stemma O'.
Hin Blein M. Kidder.
Lin Rossing, by Rev. Win. R. Decher, Mr. J. P. Brooks
of La Lin, Mr. Lee Parent, Mr. J. P. Brooks
in In Rossing, by Rev. Win. R. Decher, Mr. J. P. Brooks
of Lee Law, Mr. Lee Parent L. Hos, Julia C. Chappanne.

Mise Jane A. Sweetser.
In Lynn, Mr. Lorin Parrott to Mrs. Julia A. Chapman.
In Salem, Mr. William P. Nutting to Mrs. Martha

iladelphia, Mr. Henry J. Hunt to Miss Charlotte limont, Ala., Dr. George D. Hall to Miss Sarah E

### Death's.

In this city, Mrs. Sarah Young Shaw, 50; Mrs. Au-lata A. Parsons, 25; Miss Łavdis T. Lamson, 35; Mr. Intaries F. Hartwill, 47; Mr. William Anderson, 19; Mr. Hilliam Walluce Britee, 42; Harrison G. O. Goodnow, 19. At East Boston, Capt. William Kent, 81. At Uncless, Mrs. Lydia Anna, wife or Mr. Otis W.

stown, Miss Frances R., daughter of the late r. Esq., 29. idgeport, Mrs. Isabella, widow of the late Sam-

41. 62.

Lexington, widow Rhoda Blodgett, 69.

Hanorer, Mass., Col. John B. Brettov, 91.

Hanorer, Mass., Col. John B. Brettov, 91.

Newburp port, Mr. Benjamin Button, 78.

Kennebuuk. Me. Mr. Benjamin Wentworth, 84.

Pjmouth, Edward R., only child of Mr. Heary T.,

6, 7 years.

10 child, Mrs. Judith B., wife of Mr. Francis L.

Tokand, Mrs. Judith B., wife of Mr. Francis L.

At Pignanta,

Sara, Janes, Mrs. Judith B., wife of Mr. Francis L.

Wilsen, S., Sara, Mrs. Judith B., wife of Mr. Francis L.

Wilsen, S.,

Wilsen, S.,

At Albary, New York, William Bradstreet, Eq. of

Newburgport, S.,

Mrs. Eliabeth Hays, wife of Rer.

Boest Giving, S.,

At Albic, Ya., Elwin A. Stover, Eq., formerly of New
Mrs. At Chemicand, Rr. Mary Bibloop, widoo of Rer.

Thuman Bibloop, 72.

At New Urbana, Capt. Thomas Walker of New York,

matter of Ship Ledy Franklin.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BT W. L. SHOEMAKER

"How fair are you stars in their blue realm above— How calmly their journey pursue"

"I think not of them, when I look on you, love, For fairer, far fairer are you.

"How softly the breeze to the Night's ear compl How sweetly the flowers does he woo!" "I scarce hear his music—I heed not his pains, For I am a fond lover too.

And there's not a bloom, howe'er sweet it may be, That the aummer around us may strew, For its beauty or seent can a thought win from me, While I know a far sweeter one—you."

"How soothingly, after the day's wilting heat,
On the earth falls the cool, silver dew"?
"On my once withered heart fall more soothing
Your love and your sympathy true.

"At an hour like this, I best feel their control— Ever young, ever fresh, ever new; And I biese the mild power that binds all my soul In the bond of affection to you.

Wet strong are the charms of the soft summer night— Its stars, and its breeze, and its dew; But Love's the magician that gives them their might, To me, sweet, as well as to you.

With you at my side, love, I envy no biles That the happiest ever yet knew; And I'll seal my devotion to you with a kiss, And ever remain fond and true."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.] CONSULTING ONE'S WIFE:

TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.

Francis Amort and Arthur Bliss were both active young men, and engaged in a business which afforded them a very good income. They had mutually agreed "that it is not good for man to be alone," and at about the same time had entered the matrimonial state. They were not more unlike in person than in character; and the motives which governed them in taking a partner for life, differed as widely. Though we would not assert that Arthur Bliss did not love his wife as much as he was capable of loving any one, yet it must be confessed that he married more for the sake of having a home, as it is called, and securing some one to state the do had not not any other reason. He had but a unfavorable opinion of the equality of woman with man, and or dependent, whose presence and cares might possibly make life more contrable, but one whose opinions and wishes were of no possible consequence. His wife known nothing short is business, and as he considered it extremely detrimental to his dignity to make her a confidant, or ask the advice of one he regarded so much inferior to himself in point of judgment, she could not be expected to conform her wishes to his circumstances.

She was a young, inexperienced girl, with

bis circumstances.

She was a young, inexperienced girl, with very imperfect ideas of life and its many trials, accustomed to spend money without appreciating its value—very foud of dress and admiration, and looked upon matrimory as the sum total of human felicity. She wan not of a reflective disposition, and in no danger of becoming a blue stocking; this on the whole, was gratifying to her husband, who disliked all kinds of reading except the news of the day, and on his part ran no risk of injuring his brain by too deep thought.

tertained her.
Francis Abbott, while choosing a wife, en

Francis Abbott, while choosing a wife, endeavored to select one for whose ignorance he need not binh. He wanted a disinterested friend, a loving companion, an unselinsh adviser; one whose judgment he could rely upon; whose counsel, based upon good sense, he should have no cause to doubt; whose reasoning powers were as much entitled to respect as his own. He prized beauty, but he valued an intelligent, well-informed mind more highly. Being liberally educated himself; he wished his wife to sympathize in his parsuits, and be able to assist him if occasion demanded.

Though the two young men differed so essentially in sentiment and tastes, yet being thrown much together by circumstances, they were very good friends.

much together by circumstances, they were very good friends.

Mrs. Bliss and Mrs. Abbott were also in the habit of visiting each other frequently, though the latter, while conforming to custom and good breeding, experienced but little benefit or pleasure from the society of the other; who talked of nothing but the last new fashion, and the splendid parties she hoped to attend and give.

"It is really quite a treat to meet you on the street without a woman hanging on your arm!" exclaimed Bliss, as he stopped a moment while passing his friend Abbott.

"I hardly know what you mean," replied the latter, doubtfully,
"You needn't look so serious about the mater, continued Bliss, laughting," "for it is isn't except the state of th

tor, continued Bliss, laughingly, "for it is isn't for safficient importance. "I merely remarked that it was something unusual to see you out of your place of business, unattended by your better half, as somebody has facetiously expression."

lit."
"I value my wife's society very highly, my iend," rejoined Abbott, carnestly, "and during he two years we have been wedded, it has never e two years we have be oved irksome to me."

"I am glad you are so well pleased," resumed the other, lightly, "but I like to be my own master. Every one to their taste, however. But come," he added, "walk with me a short distance, I have something to show you."

"I would, with pleasure, but I promised Mrs. Abbott that I would be at home to failfil an engagement at exactly half past four, and it now wants but fifteen minutes to the time. You know I like to have others penctual, and of course must set a good example."

"You'll have to go then, I suppose, for a woman never forgets a promise," said Bliss, somewhat sarcastically. "But you should do as I do; never make promises and then you wont break them."

"My appointments are perfectly agreeable, I

as I do; never make promises and then you won break them."

"My appointments are perfectly agreeable, I assure yoa; so don't wasty your sympathy," replied the other, good humoredly,

"I took a house in L.— Place yesterday, on a year's lease," resumed Blies, without beeding the last remark, "and hearing you say that you intended removing soon, I thought I would like to have you look at a house near the one I have secured. It is just vacated, and will be taken up immediately,"
"I am obliged to you, friend Bliss," replied the young man. "It would be pleasant to be neighbore, but in case I liked the house, I should not feel at liberty, or at least, should rather not engage it, until my wife had examined the premises. Ladies, you know, are sometimes particular about their rooms."
"I wonder, Abbott, if you ever yawn without your wife's consent?" asked Bliss, contemptonously.

your wife's consent?" asked Bliss, contemp-tonosly.

"I consider my wife as my best friend, and in matters of importance I always consult her. I have no reason to doubt the disinterestedness of her advice, and no one has my wedfare more at heart," replied the person addressed, firmly.

"Recolleet, my friend," he added, after a mo-ment's pause, "that your wife's happiness should be consulted as well as your own, and that, justly, ahe is entitled to your confidence."

"No such thing!" restored the other, with warmth. "I've no idea of telling a woman all about my effairs, and have every goosly in the vicinity retailing the news the next hour. No. I am too wise for that; I keep my secrets to myself."

course, and mare every gossip in the vicinity retailing the news the next hour. No. I am too wise for that; I keep my secrets to myself."

"A sensible, right-minded woman would not obtat," said Abbott, with a smile. "Trust your wife; show her that you have confidence in her judgment and prudence, and I believe you will have no cause to regret it."

The speaker turned away, and Arthur Bliss, with an incredulous smile at the mistaken notions of his friend, walked off in an opposite direction, wondering how it was possible for a clear-headed, sensible man, as Abbot was, to give up unrestrained freedom of action, with so little apparent unwillingness. But Bliss believed he could unravel the knotty point; he did not in the least doubt that Abbott was under strict female discipline and surreillance; that left it imperatively necessary to give to his wife a faithful account of the various duties he had discharged through the day, with those he contemplated on the morrow. Yes, melancholy as it seemed, Abbott was, without doubt, a "hen-pecked" husband. His wife obviously held the reins of government in her own hands, and tightly too, for that matter. Poor man, no wonder he so philosophically tried to make a virtue of necessity.

The more Bliss reflected upon this important topic, the more did he congratulate himself on his own freedom from such a degrading slavery, and the course he had ever pursued in relation to the subject. Thank fortane, he had never been guilty of such a weakness, and thus far, no female specimen had lorded it over him.

At first, Mrs. Bliss found no fault with this state of things. She deliked care and trouble, and fait not disposition to find fault with her husband far not the subject. Thank fortane, he had never been guilty of such a weakness, and thus far, no female specimen had lorded it over him.

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she entered the library where her husband was reading.

"I have engaged a house in L.— Place, and you can be in readines to move next week," he said, rather abruptly, looking up from the book.

"Engaged a house!" repeated Mrs. Bliss, looking much surprised. "Why, I knew nothing about it."

"And supporting you did not? What difference does it make?" he coolly inquired.

"Why, I thought—that is, I imagined you would like me to look at it," stammered the wife, with some confusion.
"I have looked at it, and wont that do?"

"Bat perhaps it wont suit me—people's tastes often differ," he continued.

"But it suits me, and that is sufficient,"
was the reply of Mr. Bliss, with an air of dignity.
Mrs. Bliss looked distressed and made no

"I hope you have not leased the house?" she asked, after a short pause.
"I have," was the brief rejoinder.
"For what length of time?"

"I wo years."
"O dear, what if I shouldn't like it!" ex-claimed Mrs. Bliss, with a sigh. "Besides, I heard mother say once that it wasn't a good plan to lease a house till we were sure of lik-limit."

ing it."
"Your mother was undoubtedly a very remarkable, far-sighted woman," said Mr. Bliss,
with the slightest possible sneer.
"She was a good woman," retorted the wife,
with considerable warmth. "But I do certainly
think that I ought to have the privilege of
choosing the house I am obliged to live in; or
at any rate of giving my opinion," she added.

"I flatter myself that I am capable of trans-ting such business without the advice or as-"I matter myset mas it as temporal to trans-cting such basies without the advice or as-istance of any one," was the emphatic response if the husband, as he put on his hast preparatory o leaving the house. "I am just going up in he direction of L— Place," he added, in a leasanter tone of voice, "and if you feel in-lined, you can accompany me." Mrs. Bliss made no objections, and the pair ratked away tocether.

clines, you cas second mrs. Bliss made no objections, and the pair walked away together.

"Is the entrance a good one? are the parlors large and high? Is is the hall a wide one, and has its hay window?" she asked, in a breath, as they went on. "You know we shall have to give parties, and I think a great deal of having searthing seattlength."

everything genteel."

"I know you do; but we are here, and you can judge for yourself respecting those very important matters," replied Mr. Bliss, drily, as he paused, before the house alluded to.
"Is this the place i" queried the lady, incredulously, and looking around somewhat con-

temptuously.
"This is the place. What fault do you find

ulously, and looking around somewhat contemptionally.

"This is the place. What fault do you find with it?"

"It is the place. What fault do you find with it?"

"It looks shabby enough on the outside," she replied. "But let's go in."

The key was eacordingly applied, and Mrs. Bliss at once threw open the door passed through the hall, and glanced into the parlors.

"This don't speak much for your testo," I must confess," she exclaimed.

"It's a splendid location; central, and in a good neighborhood," retorted the gentleman.

"Just look at those windows and these mantles; and neither of the rooms is much larger than a martin-box. And I do believe this is they place! I can tell certain, however, by looking into the kitchen."

And without stopping to answer the queries of her husband as to what she referred, she hastily ran down stafrs, but soon returned at a much slower pace.

"It is just as I thought," she remarked, in a tone of triumph. "You are caught nicely now, with all your superior judgment and discrimination that you tell about. Now if you had told me what you intended to do, I could have prevented this."

"Prevented what?" asked Mr. Bliss, really surprised at his wife's unusual manner.

"Why, hiring this house, to be sure! What else could I mean? I had a friend who once lived here, and there were so many disagreeable things connected with the house, that they were obliged to leave. The cellar is usually half full of water, the chimners are bad, and the occupant is obliged to leave. The cellar is usually half full of water, the chimners are bad, and the occupant is obliged to leave. The cellar is usually half full of water, the chimners are bad, and the occupant is obliged to leave. The cellar is usually half full of water, the chimners are bad, and the occupant is obliged to leave. The cellar is usually half full of water, the chimners are bad, and the occupant is obliged to leave. The cellar is usually half full of water, the chimners are bad, and the occupant is obliged to leave. The cellar is usually h

the husband, in a less positive voice than he had

"What is the matter with them?" continued the husband, in a less positive voice than he had previously spoken.

For a reply, his wife led the way below and asked him to look around. It was then the middle of a clear day, but one could not see distinctly across the kitchen even at that time, without the aid of a lamp; the room being entirely obscured by a tall, brick building, which stood within a few frest of the house, leaving but a very narrow, close, back entrance.

The countenance of Arthur Bliss fell. He had been permasded to take the house by the idea of "an agreeable location," and the extremely moderate rent which was demanded for the same. He had made no inquiries, examined the premises but imperfectly at a last he hour, without his wife as we have seen, and of course had no means of knowing that it had been without a tenant for many months, and in the hands of a hard landlord. But now he had a strong presentiment that he had "paid too dear for the whistle," and to make matters worse, his wife was in the secret and would not soon forget it. Nothing was to be done now but to make the best of it; he was much too proud to own his mistake, for that would be compromissing the judgment which he often found occasion to speak of.

"You see that women do know something after all, Mr. Bliss," said his better half, very significantly.
"They know enough to find fault," grumbled

after all, Mr. Bliss," said his better half, very significantly.

"They know enough to find fault," grumbled the gentleman, impatiently. "You have no doubt exaggerated the matter; the house is probably as good as the generality of rented buildings, and, with a little repairing, will do very well. At any rate, I have hired it, and shall abide by my decision."

And he did abide by it, although he privately made many efforts to annul the contract, but in vain. The landlord was exacting and knew on which side his interest lay; consequently, Bliss had but poor success.

Let us look in a moment upon our friend Abbott and his lady.

"Were you aware that Bliss contemplated moving" naked the former.

ott and his lady.
"Were you aware that Bliss contemplated
soving?" asked the former.
"I was not; and I think his wife must be igorant of the fact, or she would have mentioned
this morning when she called," replied Mrs.

believe her hashand never consults her upon any point. He has no great idea of woman's capa-bilities, you know, and I really think he would not be very much benefited by her advice," re-plied Abbots, with a smile. "Her opinion might be worth something respecting a ribbon or a new hat, however."
"I think you do her wrong, Francis," said his wife, carnestly. "Mrs. Bliss is not reflec-tive, I will allow, and thinks more of dress and admiration than matters of more serious inmost:

nin wire, sarticary. "Ars. Diss is not retective, I will allow, and thinks more of dress and admiration than matters of more serious import; but that is no reason why her husband should withhold his confidence, and treat her like a mere child. She has good natural abilities, which might be cultivated to advantage, if he would but encourage her a little," "Quite right, my wife, quite right," rejoined her companion, warmly. "I think he is in the wrong, and have taken the liberty of telling him so. But he considers himself infallible, and my words made no perceptible impression."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the subject of their remarks.

"I came in almost on purpose to ask you a

question," said Mrs. Bliss, after Abbott had left

question," said Mrs. Bliss, after Abbott had left the room. "It may sound extinously to you, but I want to know if your husband ever consults you respecting his business, or in fact, any-thing which interests you both."

"Office," was the smiling reply of Mrs. Abbott.

"And do you know all about his affairs ""

"Oretainly. I should not know how to make my wants and purchases correspond to his circumstances, were I ignorant of them."

"How queser!" exclaimed the visitor. "Why, I never thought of doing such a thing, and my husband never told me a word about his affairs since I married him. He says women know nothing about such things, and that it isn't proper for them to show caroisity about matters they can't understand."

nothing about such things, and that it isn't proper for them to show curiosity about matters they can't understand."

Mrs. Abbott made no reply.

"Of course you don't understand what he means, when he talks about atooks and bills, accounts and receipts, do you?" she continued, in the same carness manner. "I've heard them mentioned, but I never like to trouble my head trying to remember them."

"I do my best to understand them," rejoined Mrs Abbott, striving to repress a smile.

"I think he'll tell me when he leases another house," added Mrs. Bliss, after relating to her friend what had taken place.

"I is really unfortunate; I am sorry for you, but the best of people will make mistakes sometimes," replied Mrs. Abbott, who always endeavored to make herself and others satisfied with what they could not remedy.

"I'm sure he deserves it all, for he might have told me; but I shall have the worst of it;" and Mrs. Bliss left the house with a regretful sigh and a lengthened face.

The house was taken in L— Place, and some seventy-five dollars laid out in repairs to render it passably comfortable for the winter. Every room smoked terribly, and invariably after a rain, tubs, harrels and boxee were found floating round in the cellar; while so many disagreeables were connected with the house generally, that Mrs. Bliss found it necessary to change her help very often; for they all declarating that the substant is the shape of the substant in the shape of the substant in the shape of the substant is a substant to the shape of the substant in the shape of the substant is a substant in the shape of the substant in the shape of the substant is a substant in the shape of the substant in the shape of the substant is substant in the shape of the substant in the shape of the substant is substant in the shape of the substant in the d it "impossible to live in such a dark, smoky, reary kitchen." Mr. Bliss bore his misfortunes in the shape of

ed it "impossible to live in such a dark, smoky, dreary kitchen."

Mr. Bliss bore his misfortunes in the shape of an ill-humored wife, crying children—for who blames a child crying with his eyes fall of smoke—and impertainent servants, with the patience of a martyr; for he had no one to blame but himself. He pursued the same course, and keps his own connel. If his wife expressed a desire for a certain article, sometimes he would comply, make his own connel, and sometimes he would comply, make his own choice, and send home a thing which found no favor in her eyes. Once she mentioned to a heighbor in his hearing, that she would prefer to attend some other church; so without assertianing which way her inclinations tended, he hired a pew in Rev. Mr. R.\* church, and discovered a pew in Rev. Mr. R.\* church, and discovered after having done so, that she excessively disliked the preasher, and could not be persuaded to six under his ministry.

One thing led on to another, and Mrs. Bliss, from a good-tempered, well disposed woman, became irritable, impatient and discontented with her lot in life. As has been mentioned, she was very fond of dress, and thus far her husband had been quite induleptant in that respect. But all of a sudden, he seemed disinclined to part with his money, talked of woman's extravagance, lauded economy, and allowed her but a small part of the sum she had usually received for pocket-money. Though he did occasionally his that his riccumstances demanded some sacrifice on her part, yet these casual remarks were to vague and unsatifactory, that they were considered as of no importance. She felt indignant at his repeated refusals to satisfy her wishes, and determined to do as whe felt inclined.

"If has had his will long enough; now I will have mine," she solliloquized. "He expects me to coincide with his wishes and demands without the lesset explanation. As I am not allowed my asy in any matter, however simple, why I shall take the liberty of acting on my own responsibility."

not allowed my say in any matter, however sim-ple, why I shall take the liberty of acting on my

not allowed my asy in any matter, however simple, why I shall take the liberty of acting on my own responsibility."

She did so; and during the next three months had run up a bill of two hundred and fifty dollars in her husband's name at a dry good store, where his credit was well established. Mrs. Bliss had no qualma of conscience in regard to this proceeding. She had not one serious thought that his business might be on the decrease, and that his seeming litherality might be accounted for on the score of prudence. No; she thought him a rich man, and considered it justifiable to right hersalf in any way; for that she regarded herself as a wronged and aggreted woman there could be no doubt. Had she not targed him in vain to allow her means to give an evening's entertainment to a few frieads, and had not that request been at once decidedly, and sa she thought, harshly refused? Had she not mildly suggested that the pariors needed now carpets, and recivied for answer that they were "quite as good as he could afford." It was extremely niggardly and parsivonious on his part, and he would find that such treatment would not be tamely put up with.

"How is business?" inquired Abbott, carelessly, "How is business?" inquired Abbott, carelessly,

sually so?" added Abbott, as he re marked the careworn and anxious looking face

marked the careworn and anxious looking face of his companion.

"Yes; money is acaree, and I find it very difficult to meet my payments. Things can't go on in this way a great while; they must either mend or grow worse; and most probably the latter," was the desponding reply.

"Don't be discouraged; darkness precedes the dawn," resumed Abbott, with cheerfulness. "Be hopeful and persevering, and all will come right at last."

"Be toperat and persevering, and ait with come right at last." w'That does very well for you to say, for you have not the obstacles to encounter daily that I have. Your wife is a reasonable, prudent wo-man, and assists instead of opposing you. A man can never succeed in anything who is un-

fortunate enough to be burdened with a wilful, extrawagant wife."

Bliss spoke bitterly, for that day the bill we have mentioned had been presented, and but added to the embarrassment under which he have mentioned had been presented, and but added to the embarrassment under which he had bored in money matters. He amove and more convinced of the frivolity and hearticsness of his wife character; not taking into consideration the idea, that instead of striving to lessen the evil, he might possibly have helped to increase it.

"A good wife is indeed a treasure, my friend," said Abbott, earnestly. "But I perceive no good reason why yours is not capable of becoming all you could wish."

"O you are quite mistaken about the matter; it is an utter impossibility," replied the other, with emphasis. "People don't change their ganizations so suddenly. But why do I talk upon a subject which cannot possibly interest you?" he added.
"But it does interest me, nevertheless," was

gunna subject which cannot possibly interest you'' he added.

"But it does interest me, nevertheless," was the warmly spoken rejoinder of Abbott. "Paddon me for asking you a question," he continued. "You say your business is much embarrassel; have you communicated the fact freely and without reserve to your wife?"

Not is no many words, perhaps," said Blist, hesitatingly; "but I have said enough to make her understand that economy is desirable, and extravagance reprehensible."

"I fact that is not sufficient. As you have never been in the habit of communicating to her your movements and intentions, it is but thateral that she should pay but little attention to a few disconnected hints. Besides, she may have felt a little piqued at some unnecessary denial of her wishes. Take my advice, friend Blist, Seek your wife; confide in her; for once trust to the producer you have never made trial of; tell her frankly how you are situated, and what is required of her. Reason with her kindly and dispassionately. Point out to her where and dispassionately. Point out to her where had have had dispassionately. Point out to her where had had pay have been wrong, at the same time telling her a better way. Overlook her faults, and think of her inexperience. If you find it necessary to refuse a request, tell her pleasantly why it is refused; it is her due, and much an explanation will serve to convince her that you consider her a reasonable being and worthy of confidence. Just try the experiment, and I will warrant you access."

"I haven't a bit of faith in the scheme, but as

"I haven't a bit of faith in the scheme, but as

sustery the experiment, and I wan warrant you are so sure, and it can do no harm, I will think seriously of it," and Bliss, as he smiled at the earnestness of his friend.

"Let not another day pass till you have done so," added Abott, as they separated.

As he walked slowly along, Arthur Bliss seriously reflected upon what had been said, though his pride revolted at the thought of doing what he had never done—consulting a woman. He had always regarded it as an honor done to the weaker sex when the stronger condescended to ask their advice, or make them a party in their deliberations. But to satisfy Abbott, and re-assure himself of the inefficacy of the former's proposal, he resolved to do as he had been requested. No positive harm could result from the experiment, and he should then have the satisfaction of knowing that the truth of his theory was settled beyond a doubt.

He found his wifelooking rather more thoughtful than usual, and drawing a chair near her, he seated himself and commence, are her, be seated himself and commence give a party though the satisfaction of knowing the heapty to gratify you if it was in my power."

"Very likely," she laconically replied, without the least change of feature.

"I should indeed, and no one would be more pleased than myself to see new carpets upon the parlors as you mentioned," he continued.

"I haven't the least doubt of it," said Mrs. Bliss, in precisely the same tone, and without raising her eyes from her work.

"Just what I expected I' thought the husband. "She don't appreciate a single word I say."

"But you're on the old track, precisely," whitesal exception."

band. "one users of last," of the fold track, precisely,"
"But you're on the old track, precisely,"
"But you're on the old track, precisely,"
"No wonder you don't succeed. Talk more to the point. Appeal to her better feelings."
"I don't believe she's got any," he mentally

"Make the attempt," appealed the inward

"Nate the facethy, appeared the mean monitor.
"Elian," he continued, more earnestly, after a pause, "do you candidly think that I would refuse you any reasonable request were it possible for me to grant it?"
"I don't know, I'm sure."
"But what do you think?" he inquired, desperately.
"Why I think—I think that you would," replied Mrs. Bliss, heistanigly, yet frankly, perceiting she may say something.

eiving she must say something.
"Have I done so?" he asked, rego

"I had no fault to find when we were first
"I had no fault to find when we were first
married," was the evasive reply, "But why do
you ask me such questions?" she added, evincing some autonishment.
"Because I think you have misconstrued my
conduct. You probably think me a rich man,
"a ven not?"

do you not?"

Mrs. Bliss looked at her husband with guine surprise, not unmixed with curiosity, made no reply.

"I perceive you think it a strange questi

"I perceive you think it a strange question, and perhaps will hardly credit my words when I assert that I am far from being so at the present time. Some months since I was a heavy loser by the failure of an extensive firm." But you never told me about i," exclaimed Mrs. Bliss, who scarcely believed the evidence of the reas." "That was not my only loss, by several," he considered when the present the summer of the reads of the reas of the reads of the reason of the reaso

"That was not my only loss, by severas, ...
"That was not my only loss, by severas, ...
continued, seemingly unconscious of her exclamation. "Business is very dull, I am in debt, and there is a fair prospect of my following the example of many others—becoming bankrupt. And to make the matter worse, my wife reproaches me for not being able to supply her liberally with money."

"But I knew nothing this, Arrhur!" cried the lady, with great earnestness. "Why did you not

tell me? It was cruel to keep me in such ig-norance. And now I understand what the Browns meant by hinting about 'failures.' O husband, you have done very wrong," she added,

hadbad, you have done very wrong," she added, energetically.

"Now answer me candidly, Elita," said Mr. Bliss. "Yere you not aware of the unfortunate state of my affairs 1 I am quite sure that I often spoke very significantly on the subject."

"I traly was not," rejoined the wife, promptly: "and though you may have often spoken significantly. I merely thought you ill-humored, not once imagining that you spoke seriously."

"Perhaps I should have spoken more plainly," added the husband, couvined by her carnestness that she spoke truthfully.

"You should—wos should I I would have

expensions that she spoke truthfully.

"You should—you should I It would have made on far happier, as well as yourself. O Arthur, I am not so heartless as I seem," said Mrs. Bliss, with emotion; and hereupon ensued the first condidential conversation between the married pair. Mrs. Bliss freely acknowledged the errors into which she had unconsciously fallent, blushingly confessed her folly in regard to the bill which had been presented, and to her suprise, found that her husband was inclined to be quite lenient towards a delinquency, which he was positively assured should never occur again.

be quine tenters to war as detanquery, which he was positively assured should never occur again.

Mr. Bliss stated to his wife the plans he had formed, and what it was necessary to do under the circumstances. He was surprised that she comprehended them so readily, and acceded to his proposals so willingly. He had not believed that she would be so reasonable, or look with favor upon any plan which required exertion or sacrifice on her part. But he was obliged to own his mistake. Mrs. Bliss was ready and will ling to do her part when she found herself treated less like a child, and more like a woman. She folt encouraged by her husband's altered manner, and made strong efforts to improve in everything which she thought would please him. His wishes and happiness were oftener consulted, and Mrs. Abbott's good example initiated. She could not help noticing the davorable change, and by her friendly assistance, was of incalculable benefit to Mrs. Bliss.

Francis Abbott proved himself a true friend;

ble benefit to Mrs. Bliss.

Francis Abbot proved himself a true friend;
he not only gave advice, but by material aid
relieved Bliss from his embarrassing position,
and established him firmly and prosperously in
business. The latter was a wiree man. He was
convinced of the erroneousness of his opinions,
and did not hesitate to confess it. He found he
was no loser by consulting his wife, as it sometimes happens, according to the old provesh,
that "two heads are better than one."

#### ARCHITECTS AND BUILDERS

ARCHITECTS AND BUILDERS.
The late M. Alexander, nechiect of Rochesr bridge and other fine buildings in Kens, was
ee under cross examination, in a special jury
se at Maidstone, by Sergeans, afterwards Bar(arrow, who wished to detract from the
Garrow, who wished to detract from the
"Wo shad to builder, believe" in the
"Yon are a builder, believe" "Wo sis, I am not a builder; I am an aritect."

"You are a builder, I believe?"
"No sir, I am not a builder; I am an architect."
"No sir, I am not a builder; I am an architect."
"And, they are much the same, I suppose?"
"I beg your pardon, sir, I cannot admit that; I consider them totally different."
"O, indeed I perhaps you will state wherein this great difference consists."
"An architect, sir, prepares the plans, concives the design, draws out the spectications—cives the design, draws out the spectications—ly the bricklayer or the carpenter—the builder is fact the machine; to architect the power that puts the machine together, and sets it agoing."
"O very well, Mir. Architect, that will do; and now, after your very ingenious distinction without a difference, perhaps you can inform the Babel 300 was the architect of the Tower of Babel 300.
The reply, for promptness and wit, is perhaps not to be rivalled in the whole history of rejoinder:
"There was no architect, sir, and hence the confusion!"—Ademy Transcript.

ere was no architect, sir, and hence the on!"—Albany Transcript.

#### THE PREACHING MONKEY.

THE PREACHING MONKEY.

There is a curious animal, a native of South America, which is called the preaching monkey. The appearance of this animal is at one grotesque and forbidding. It has a dark, thick beard, three inches long, hanging down from the chin. This gives it the mock air of a Capachin friar, from which it has acquired the name chin. This gives it the mock air of a Capachin friar, from which it has acquired the name chin. This gives it the mock air of a Capachin friar, from which it has acquired the name chin. This gives it the mock are of the property of th

#### EXTRACTING CORNS.

plaster not only stuck to my foot, but oot. It took me an hour to get that and then the better part of my toe, in-the top of the corn, came with it. The said another application would bring the toy the roots; I'll see him in Halifax try it."—Yankee Blade.

[Written for The Fing of our Union.]

STANZAS.

BY RICHARD WRIGHT

O give me a spirit all buoyant and bright, As ever wa known in life's happiest spring; A spirit eternally basking in light. That no time can subdue, and no sorrow can wri A spirit elastic ast Rope's mighty soul, Delying earthy pressure to breat it, or bend; A spirit to bless, lite the harp-etrings that roll When its sweeted and boldent of threations like

See, see the poor mortal whom trouble or care
Reduces to mourn and to pine o'er his lot;
And in ensuri siding, kile dul; listense ale
Betoknes despit, or that hops is forgot.
Betoknes despit, or that hops is forgot.
It all-cheering warmain in the overeact heart;
Flowers would spring up anow, and still fresh for
weaths
Would blad his proud brow and sweet inf
inpart.

O give me a spirit, bright, lively and kind,
To greet the dear friends who are kindred and true;
Or a spirit as with as the storm-dirren wind,
To bettle each evil as rising to view.
The spirit stattle, usudjing and firm,
Born or fritne and truth, and descended from heaven
Like to perhibase son, or to naturely own germ,
Le the life of the life that to mankind is given.

#### [Written for The Flag of our Union.] THE BLACKSMITH'S TRIAL. SCENE IN A WESTERN COURT ROOM.

In the fall of 18—, I was travelling in the West on business. I left the Mississippi steamer at Columbia, Kentucky, having made up my mind to travel by land as far as Mulienburg county, where Ishould strike the Green river far enough to the northward to take one on of the small flat boats for the Ohio. Late one evening, I arrived at the town of M—, intending to take the stage from there on the next morning. The bar-room of the attending to take the stage from there on the next morning. The bar-room of the tavern was rowded with people, and I noticed that large numbers of the citizens were collected about the street corners, appearing to be discussing some matter of more than susal interest. Of course I became curious to know the cause of all this, and at the first favorable opportunity I saked the question of the landlord. He gazed at me a moment in silence, and then, with an ominous shake of the bead, he gave me to understand that a most dreadful thing had happened; but before he had explained to me what it was, he was called away to attend to other business.

I soon found, however, that the "dreadful hing "was the aulject of conversation all about me, and by simply listening, I gained an insight into the mystery. It seemed that there was to be a trial for murder there on the next day, and that the criminal was a young blacksmith who had been born and brought up in the town, and who, until the present time, had borne a character above reproach. I endeavored to find out the particulars, but I could learn little upon which to depend, for different people gave different accounts, and all who knew anything of the matter were too much excited to speak calmily. The murder had transpired only about a week before, and consequently, the event was fresh in the minds of the people. The only facts that came to me upon which I could rely were, that a middle aged man, named Matthew Hampton, had been mudred and mobbed the tried on the morrow. Some said that the murdered man's money, to the amount of over two thousand dollars

standing piace outside of the dock was filled. Stagings were erected upon the outside under the windows, and these, too, were crowded.

At the appointed time the court came in, and the prisoner was conducted to the box. Said prisoner was conducted to the box. Said prisoner was conducted to the box. Said contenances I ever saw,—it was one of the most pleasing countenances I ever saw,—it was one of the most pleasing to the said of the said to the said the said to the said the s

He was known to have had some two thousand dollars with him at that time—money which he had received at Columbis for corn. It was nearly dusk when he started from the prisoner's shop. He took out his pocket book to pay for the job of shocing his horse. This he did within he shop, and two persons were present who now testified to the fact, and also that when the pocket-book was opened a large bunch of bank notes was exposed. About an hour after Hampton life, the prisoner came out form his shop and went to his stable, and having addited his fleetest horse he mounted and started this fleetest horse he mounted and started off at full gallp in the direction Hampton and taken. Next came two witnesses,—"Mr. Simple and Mr. Jordan," but he to the stable, and having addited his fleetest horse he mounted and started off at light of the control of the stable, and having addited his fleetest horse he mounted and started off at light of the started of M.—, who testified as follows: They had been into the edge of Tennesseen business, and were returning home. At about nine o'clock, on the evening in question, they came to a point in the road where a high bluff overlooked the way, and while passing this they were startled by seeing something in the moonlight which looked like a man. They at once dismounted, and found that what they had seen was the body of Mathre Hampton, all gore-covered and bleeding. They had not been there more than a minute, when they were joined by a third man, who said that he saw the murder committed, and that the murderer had field towards M.—. Simple and Jordan both recognized this new-comer as one Henry Bilger, and though his character was by no means of the most exemplary kind, yet that was no time for discussion. The body of Hampton was still warm, so that the marderer had field towards M.—. Simple agreed to remain plan and Jordan both recognized this new-comer as one Henry Bilger, and though his character was by no means of the most exemplary kind, yet that was no time for the single and no horse,

ing a flat-boat down the Missispip. He stepped upon the witness's block with a complaisant bow, and he gave in his testimony clearly and distinctly.

He said he was coming down the road towards M—— on foot, and when near the bluff he heard the sound of a struggle, accompanied by loud groans and entreaties. He sprang forward, and arrived just in season to see the prisoner leap into his saddle and ride off. The moon was shining at the time, so he could not have been mistaken. As soon as he found that Mr. Hampton was, as the supposed, dead, he started to go after help. The mordered man's horse had fled towards home, so he could gain no assistance in that way. He had not gone far, however, when he heard the sound of horses' feet, and on returning to the spot he found Simple and Jordan there.

Bliger was cross-questioned very severely, but his testimony was not to be flawed. He was explicit in all his statements, and at the same time he professed to feel a deep regret that he was called upon to testify against a man for whom he flat as much respect as he did for the prisoner. At length young Adams arose to tell his story. He spoke clearly, and with the tone of a man who tells the truth. He said that about an hour after Matthew Hampton had left his shop, on the evening in question, he went to his sink to wash his hands, and while there he tred on something that arrested his attention. He story cleanly had been to be Mr. Hampton's. He remembered that a free for Mr. Hampton had paid him for shoeing the horse, he went to the sink after a drink of water, and then he must have dropped the book. The young blacksmith's first idea, he said, was to be Mr. Hampton's. He remembered that and the horse and try to overtake him, and restore the money. Accordingly he set off, and when he reached the bluff his horse stopped and began to rear and snort. He discovered something along not the found it to be the body of Mr. Hampton had paid him for shoeing the horse, and then he has take the Assid, was to you pan second thought he resolv

When the prisoner as down there was a low murraur came up from the multitude—a mur-mur which told that his story was believed. But the judge shook his head, and the lawyer shook their heads, and the jury looked troubled and apxious. The prisoner's counsel did all he could to establish his client's good character, and also to impeach the character of Bligger, but he could redute none of the testimony that had been criwn in.

refute none of the testimony that had been given in.

When the judge came to charge the jury he spoke of the presiences of the testimony against the prisoner, and of the corroborative circumstances. With regard to the prisoner's story, he said that it was very simple, and sounded very much like truth; but he would have the jury remember how easily such stories could be made. It was long after dark when the jury retired

to make up their verdict. They were gone half an hour, and when they returned the foreman showed by the very has of his countenance that the verdict was to be fistal! All saw it, and I could hear the throbbing of the hundred hearts that beat about me. "Gentlemen of the jury, have you made up a verdict t" "We have."

"We have."

"Shall your foreman speak for you?"

"We have."

"Shall your foreman speak for you?"

"Yes."

"Abel Adams, stand up and look the foreman in the face. Mr. Forman, look at the prisoner at the bar, guilty of marder, or not?"

Hark! The first yilable of the word." Guilty."

Is we have you got the speaks it not. Those who yee crowd about the windows about with all their might, and in a moment more a man crowds his way into the court-room. If hurries up and whispers to the sheriff—then be goot to the bench and whispers to the judge. Heary Bilger starts up and moves towards the door, but in an instant the hand of the sheriff is upon him. All is excitement the most intense. Directly the mass about the door begins to give way, and four men are seen bearing upon their shoulers a chair—a large stuffed chair—and in that sits Matthew Hampton—not dead, but alive. Troe, he is pale and ghastly, but his eyes are open and his lips move. At length the chair is set down before the bench, and the old physician of M——asks permission to speak. As soon as this fact becomes known all is quiet once more. The physician says that neither of the wounds which Mr. Hampton had received are moral, though he at first thought they were. The blow upon the head, and the sals in the breast combined to produce a state of catalepsy which resembled death so nearly that many an experienced person might have been deceived. When he gave out that Mr. Hampton was dead he thought it was so. But when he found that Hampton was living he kept the secret to himself, for fear that if the truth got out a certain man, whose presence was much needed, might be missing. At this juncture Mr. Henry Bilger made a savage attempt to break away from the sheriff, but it did not avail him. The jury were directed to return to their box, and then Matthew Hampton was requested to speak. He was too weak to rise, but he spoke plainly, and in a manner that showed his mind to be clear.

He stated that when he reached the bluff, on the night of his disaster, be discovere

"Mary—Mary—I am innocent—innocent;—free?"
The wife did not speak. She only clung wildly to her noble husband and wept upon his bosom.

A wagon body was torn from its axletrees—the blacksmith and his wife were placed therein—and then they were borne away towards their home, and long after they had passed from my sight I could hear the glad shouts of the impairive people, waking the night air, and reverberating among the distant bluff.

On the next morning, before the stage started, I learned that Matthew Hampton had determined to make the young blacksmith accept of one thousand dollars whether he was willing in the office of my hotel at Cincinnail, I received a newspaper from M—— Heury Büger had been hanged, and on the gallows he acknowledged his guilt. Matthew Hampton was slowly recovering, and the blacksmith had, after much expostulation, accepted the thousand dollars from Hampton's bounty.

#### TO YOUNG MEN.

TO YOUNG MEN.

It is easier to be a genies in some things than in others; as a general rule, it is much more practicable where men are liberally paid and generously honored. Architecturing, civil engineering, inventive art, are now rising late the engineering, inventive art, are now rising late the need the help of nuch talents, and it is glad to pay for them, because, thereby it ministers to its owa pride, luxury and graditation. Men are determined to multiply great and gongcous buildings. Fine houses were never so popular. The number of the property of the property

Nothing violent is long continued .- Sen

There are few things more pleasing than to lie upon the grass on a sunny day in summer, and watch the squirreis in the trees above you. Feering up, you will espy on one of the tree steeps as the squirreis in the trees above you. Feering up, you will espy on one of the tree steeps a little brown, monkyfed looking rat, it is not a state of the steep as the body, and call, and a fory tall as long as its body, and call, and a fory tall as long as its body, and call, and a fory tall as many lord squirrei! Down he comes, leaping from branch to branch, clawing, racing so fast, and now he reaches the turn fand sits upon his hind legs, and looks this way and that, and listed the grant done of the same tree is the same tree in the kernel, and that he is eating all within each; for a squirrel never hap pick the bones of an apple, if there be one within reach; and that he is caling all within reach; for a squirrel never hap a pick the bones of an apple, if there be one within reach; and when he has had his fill he will wash his face with his face, and, feeling quite clean, spruce, with his face, and for the same tree stem, clawing, leaping, swinging, so fast, so fast—up and the away, up the next tree stem, clawing leaping, swinging, so fast, so fast—up and the Markoy, up the next tree stem, clawing leaping, swinging, so fast, so fast—up and Abe Serier.

"I have a small bill against you," said a pertiancious looking collector, as he entered the store of one who had acquired the character of a hard eastomer.

"Yes sir, a very fine day, indeed," was the

and the star a very fine day, indeed," was the reply.

"I am not speaking of the weather, but your bill," replied Peter, in a load, better it would be better if we had a little rain."

"Confound the rain," continued the collector, and raising his voice—"Have you any money to pay on the bill."

"I am only the really don't recognize you."

"I an collector for the Philadelphia Dally Extinguisher, sir, and I have a bill against you," persisted the collector, at the top of his voice, producing the bill and threating it into the face.

"I've destrained to endorse for no one, you may put that note back in your procket-book. I

of his debtor.

"I've determined to endorse for no one, you may put that note back in your pocket-book. I really can't endorse it."

"Confound your endorsements—will you pay te st."

really can't entourse, "To dround your endorsements—will you pay "Con'tound your endorsements—will you pay "You'll pay it, no doubt, sir, but there's always a risk about such matters you know, so I must decline it."

"The money to be, but I would not endorse for a week; so clear out of my store. It's eldom that I'm present upon for an endorsement, even by my feinds; on the part of a stringer, sir, your conduct is inexplicable. Do arranger, sir, your conduct is inexplicable. Do arranger, sir, your conduct is inexplicable. The stringer is the stringer of the control of the present of the part of a control of the part of t

#### ONIONS.

ONIONS.

It is perhaps unknown to many of our readers that the outon is one of the most nutritions of roots, containing, when dried, from twenty-free tooks, out the second of the control of the second was their bulk would suggest to the amount of nourishment which his simple meal supplies.—Before Journal, or the second of the second of

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BY J. HUNT, JR.

Dear Nora, may the golden tide
Of pleasure flood thy future days;
May rosy health sit thee beside,
And strew thy path with joy always
Without the mould of grief to blight
One hope before thy mental sight.

There is a world above life's thrull,
Which only angels' feet have trodA home of love reserved for all
The chosen people, blest of God;
Nor sin, nor gloom, nor mortal woes
Disturb the sacred peace of those.

When thou you world of love shalt gain
And all thy hopes from doubt are free
That promised portion void of pain,
Will yield thee rest, uncessingly;
O, in that clime may we appear,
The child and parent, there as here.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### THE ARTIST'S APPRENTICE.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Burer, a Flemish artist, was one day busily engaged in his studio, when his attention was drawn to a timid knock at the door.

"Come in," said he, hastily.

The door opened slowly, and when at length the artist found time to look up, he saw standing before him a rough, uncoush lad, dressed poorly, and apparently quite embarrassed—since he was swinging his corres starw hat in one hand, while the other contained a thin packet, caveloped in more.

aper. "Well," said Burel, in some surprise, "what ould you like with me? What is the business hich calls you here?"
The boy still fumbled with his hat.
"What is your name?" continued Burel.

Well, have you no other ? There are many

"Neta, sare year, and the state of that name."
"Sach. My name is Hans Sach, since that is your name, I would thank you to declare your business without further ado, since I am busy."
"I want to be an artist," said the boy, very

"Ah, that is it. But what proof have I that

abraphy.

"Ab, that is it. But what proof have I that you have the requisite talent? It is not every one that can become an artist."

"I know that, sir, but I believe I have some taste for it. I will show you what I have done already."

With these words he took a knife from his pocket, quickly cut the string which condined the package which he had excuted. These he put into the hands of Burel.

The latter took them carelessly, and cast an eye over them, but his attention was specifily riveted. Judge of his surprise when he beheld in these little sketches, clearly unstudied, and he fruit of nature alone, evidences of the most surprising talent.

Burd at once saw that it would be for his advantage to secure this genius in a rough exterior for a pupil. He was a shrewd, politic man, however, and was far from displaying the admiration with which these sketches had inspired him.

The boy looked at him with a gaze of eager inquiry, as if to learn what opinion he had

him.

The boy looked at him with a gaze of eager inquiry, as if to learn what opinion he had formed.

Hans," said he, "they are well enough. I think in time and with hard study you might become a respectable arist. You wish to learn the art; is it so?"

"Yes, sir," said Hans.

"And would be kind enough to take me."

"It is usual to give a fee on entering upoe the study. Are you in a condition to do it?"

The boy's countenance fell.

"Alsa! sir," he replied, "my parents died recently, leaving me only their blossing with which to make my way through the world. I had hoped to become an artist; but I have not a torin. I must e'en become a ploughboy, as they would have me."

He turned to go out.

"Stay," said Burel, "you are in too great haste. You are unable to give a fee, but I have not at orin. I must e'en become a ploughboy, as they would have me."

He turned to go out.

"Hans's face lighted up once more.

"If you are willing to work hard, and fare plainly, I will take you. Shall it be so?"

"Most graffally, sir, I will accept your offer."

Hans was immediated y installed in the establishment of the artist as appendice. He was not the only one. Here were some half-dozen studying under the same master. They were all of them sons of rich men, but none of them had any considerable taste for the art of which he had become a student. Being able, however, to yay the entrance fee, Barel, who was exceedingly fond of money, had received them without he least objection, and was wont to give most flattering accounts of their progress to their friends whenever inquiries were made. He spent but little time with them, acquainting them with a few of the fundamental rules of the art, and then leaving them to make application of them as better the men that he would be them have he would be them have he have he would be more than the leaving them to make application of them as better the men the here were done that he have included anyou their hands as seemed most agreable to them. Burel, however, did not introduce Hans into the

did not suit his purposes that he should employ his time in the same idle manner. At the top of the house there was a small attic, sufficiently rough looking, without plaster-ing and uopainted. Into this apartment Hans was introduced.

was introduced.
"This," said Burel, "will be your apartment. Upon the floor is a bed on which you will rest at night. Here, by the window, is a table on which you can work."
"And what shall I do? What shall be my

"And want sunst.

"I shall not give you a regular lesson. You may execute any designs you think of similar to those which you showed me yesterday. Work industriously, and you will yet become an ar-

Hans found it a little difficult to conceive in Hans found it a little difficult to conceive in what manner he was to become an artist without instruction, and began to think that he might have made as rapid progress anywhere else as in his present situation. But of course his mas-ter knew best, and so he toiled early and late with unremitting ardor.

in his present situation. But of course his mas-ter knew best, and so he tolied early and late with unremitting ardor.

Three times a day a pitcher of water, and food of the plainest sort, would be brought to him. It was a confined life that he led, for Burel never invited him to leave his attic, ex-cept on Sundays, when he would be permitted to wander through the fields.

Mean while Hans accomplished a large amount of work. He threw off the sketches for which Burel had sipulated, with an inconceivable ra-pidity. These, when completed, were taken away by Burel, but whither Hans knew not. In reality, they were sold at good prices to ad-miring purchasers, who supposed they were the work of Burel himself. The uncouth appren-tice was proving a source of considerable rev-enue to the artist.

tice was proving a source of considerable reviewe to the arrists.

Meanwhile his other apprentices were filled with the greatest curiosity to know who could he be whom their instructor so carefully kept apart from the rest of them. They seized an opportunity when Barel was away to satisfy themselves on this point.

Creeping up stairs they called on Hans to open the door. Entering, they beheld with aurpite the mean quarters in which their fellow-pupil was confined. But their surprise was still greater when they cast their eyes over a sketch which he had just completed.

"Is this by Barel, left for you to copy!" they inquired, scarcely believing their eyes. "In good faith, he has improved of late."

"That is my own," said Hans.
"Your own! And do you execute many such!"

Yes, that's all I do. I am at work upon

them all the time."

They looked at each other in surprise.
"Certainly, you possess no ordinary talent,"
said they—for they knew sufficient of art to appreciate excellence.

said they—for they knew sufficient of art to ap-preciate excellence. "Do you think so it waked Hans, overjoyed.
"Think so "—there can be no doubt of it.
Burel himself could not do so well."
"But what becomes of these sketches after you
have completed them ""
"I don't know. M. Burel comes and takes
them sway, and I see no more of them."
"I'll warrant it, the miserly old curmudgeon.
He sells them, no doubt, for a good round sum,
which he coolly puts into his own pocker, and
all the while that he -is making money out of
you, he starres you on such fare as this."
The speaker lifted contemptuously a plate of
hard bread that lay on the table whereon Hans
was working.

hard bread that lay on the table was working.

"I'll tell you what," he continued, "it's no more than fair that you should have at least some of the fruits of your own labors. I will engage you to paint for me designs emblematic of the four seasons, and I will give you ten francs apiece. If they are equal to this sketch, they will be well worth it. Don't have any scruples about divering your time from Burel's employment. He has made enough out of you already. You may now work a little for yourself."

self."

It will be believed that Hans readily acceded
to this proposition which was so much to his

auvantage.

As he devoted but two hours a day to his own purposes, he accomplished sufficient for his materia in the remaining part of the day to prevent any suspicions on his part; and when this commission was completed, it was followed by another on the part of his fellow students, who wished the months designed. This, also, was done to the complete satisfaction of the one who ordered it, and was immediately succeeded by something further from still another, till cach of his fellow apprentices had given him a task to accomplish. As they were well paid for, Hans had accumulated what appeared to him quite a large sum of money. By this time, his fellow upulis having no more employment to offer him, advised him to run away from M. Burel's service.

"It is clear," said they, "that all the instruc-As he devoted but two hours a day to his own

Meer nim, advised him to run away from M. Burel's service.

"It is clear," said they, "that all the instruction you get is not from him, but due only to your own exertions. No longer stay to be imposed upon. Elsewhere you will get paid for whole of your labors, and will not be compelled to work with next to nothing for a recompense, for his advantage."

Hans saw that this advice was good, and did not hesitate to follow it. Rising in the early morning, he collected what akeches he had executed, and stole forth as silently as possible, leaving, however, the following note for M. Barel:

"M. Berney."

"M. Berrer,—If you had acted fairly by me,
I should not now leave your house. I find,
however, that you have used me solely with a
view to your own profit, without any regard to
my advantage. I have become tired of serving
as a source of revenue in which I, myself, have
no participation.

Hams."

When M. Burel discovered this note, and the disappearance of Hans, his anger and disap-pointment were unbounded. But he had no lo-gal claims upon the services of the latter, as he well knew, and therefore thought it best to say at little as possible about it. Mennwhile, Hans

walked leisurely through the city, of which, during his stay with M. Burel, he had seen but little, gazing at the principal objects of cariosity. His attention was directed towards a shop wherein objects of art were displayed in tempical range. He stopped to examine them more closely, and after a slight pause went in. A gentleman, well-dressed and of prepossessing appearance, was bargaining for an article which, on a casual glance, Hans was surprised to find was one of his own designs. "My dear sig," said the shopkeeper, "you will find fifty francs not dear for so charming a design. It is, you precive, by Burel, who design. It is, you precive, by Burel, who collate has cultivated this branch of art with distinguished success. Shall I put it up for you?"
"If you please."
"You are fortunate to obtain it. It is the last I have. The fact is, these designs of Burel com-

"If you please."
"You are fortunate to obtain it. It is the last I have. The fact is, these designs of Barel command a ready sale, being universally admired, so that I am rarely able to keep one in my shop for more than twenty-four house."

Hans was pleased to find how popular his ketches had become, and his midignation was in the same measure heightened against his master, who had diverted to his own purposes, both the reputation and the profit of his labors. He was resolved to unmask him. Stepping forward, he said composedly to the purchaser:
"That saketh is not by Bared."
"I a not hy Burel!" said the shopkeeper, indignantly, seanning the rather rough-looking appearance of Hans. "Not by Burel !" Perhaps, then," he continued, in an ironical manner."
"monsieur will deign to inform us whose it is."
"Mino," and Hans, with composure.
"Yours!" The shopkeeper laughed scornfully. "And you expect us to believe this? Where is your proof."
"Here," said Hans, and at the same time he arrolled the package in his hand, and displayed

Where is your proof?"

"Here," said Hans, and at the same time he unrolled the package in his hand, and displayed three more sketches.

The shopkeeper examined them with surprise. "Certainly," said he, "these are in the same style; but what assurance have I that they are yours, and how does it happen that the others have the name of Burel?"

"I was a pupil of his; and instead of instructhave the name of Burel?"

"I was a pupil of his; and instead of instructing me, he key the to work upon these sketches, which he sold for his own advantage. That they are mine I will statisfy you."

Seating himself at a table, Hans quickly impovised a sketch which, though not so finished as the others, displayed the same artistic talent. There was now no room for doubt. The short has a complete the same artistic talent. There was now no room for doubt. The short had as the others, displayed the same artistic talent. There was now no room for doubt. The short had been an in time to the interest of the art in which as yet be was but imperfectly grounded, and became in time one of the most eminent of Flemish artists. His old instructor, a work of the artist in the houst of having trained up which revenues to the uncouth, awkward boy who years before had made known to him his intention to become an artist, and he could not sufficiently regree the ill-advised love of money which had lost him the boost of having trained up the first artists in the kingdom.

AN INCIDENT.

A few weeks airce, a Prassian family, consisting of a father, mother, and aims children, arrived in this city and took the cars for the West. On the way, when a short distance from the city, one of the children, a little girl of four years of age, was carelessly allowed to go upon the platform, when she fell between the cars and had her arm mangled. The family returned to tendent of the road, whose heart overflows with benevolene, had the little sufferer taken to the hospital and properly provided for. The father consultation it was determined to leave the child in change of an older sister. The father, when in change of an older sister. The father, when an axious to proceed on his, journey, and father consultation it was determined to leave the child in change of an older sister. The father, when and asked for compensation for the accident; and although he had no claim, either in law or equity, against the road, a handsome sum was given him, with which he seemed well satisfied. The superintendent promised to look after his little girl, and to forward her to the West as soon they generously presented the older girl to the superintendent, asying that she was a good girl and a smart one to work. The superintendent is somewhat embarrassed with his new acquisition, though as she is really a smart and tidy-girl and a smart one to work. The superintendent is somewhat embarrassed with his new acquisition, though as she is really a smart and tidy-girl and a smart one to work. The superintendent is somewhat embarrassed with his new acquisition, though as she is really a smart and tidy-girl and a smart one to work. The superintendent provides and the superintend AN INCIDENT.

#### EXPLAINING SCRIPTURE.

We have heard ministers and religious dispu-nts explain Scripture, for doctrinal purposes, ter a sort well compared with the following

#### KANSAS.

KANSAS.

The Parkville (Mo.) Industrial Luminary, speaking of the new territory of Kansas, says it is difficult to appreciate fully the importance of the central portion of the new territory; its streams; its lawsus and rolling parties, covered with nutritious gresses; the magnificence of its wealth; its resources for manufacturing purpose; and the graceful alternation of full and dale, shady grove and extended plain. But all impress on the mind the prospective greatness with the happy homes of intelligent, industrious, enterprising American clitens.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.] MY SISTER ANN AND I.

BT H. W. PAYSON

I remember, I remember,
Though a long time it must be,
The ragged, torn old schoolroom,
Where I learned my A, B, C.
Where, bidding all at home good-by,
We went, my sister Ann and I.

A creek ran dashing o'er the rocks, Just by our schoolroom door; Tall willows leased along the banks, To listen to its roar. Unheeding how the hours would fly, Oft there stood sister Ann and I.

And there the first arbutus bloom,
No thower so sweet could be,
Was watched for, picked, and carried in,
Proudly by her and me.
Pinned near our teacher's heart 'twould lie,
A gift, the donor, Ann and I.

The schoolhouse by the brook is gone,
The willow trees are torn away;
And years since, she, my sweetest friend,
Within the churchyard lay.
Sometimes I think when life goes by,
We'll walk together, Ann and I.

#### THE CALIFORNIA SNAKE BIRD.

THE CALIFORNIA SNAKE HIRD.

Alexander S. Taylor, of Monterey, in his "Familiar Sketches of the Naural History of Southern California, there exists a singular species of bird, generally called, on account of his working the same brief, and the same brief, and the same brief, and the same brief, and the same brief, in the same brief, and the behind, and all are guarded with sharp, needle-like claws. The color of the bird is an abrief, and two behind, and all are guarded with sharp, needle-like claws. The color of the bird is a half inches long, and very hard and sharp. When this but finds a rattlesnake, and rattlesnakes are to be found in great numbers in Southern California, wherever the ground is covered with the cacus plant, it immediately processed with the greatest cantion and despatch to equietly corral him in to the height of a foot or quietly corral him in to the height of a foot or quietly corral him in to the height of a foot or quietly corral him in to the height of a foot or quietly corral him in to the height of a foot or quietly corral him in to the height of a foot or quietly corral him in to the height of a foot or quietly corral him in to the height of a foot or quietly corral him in to the height of a foot or quietly corral him in to the height of a foot or quietly corral him in to the height of a foot or quietly corral him in to the height of a foot or quietly corral him in to the height of a foot or quietly corral him in to the height of a foot or quietly corral him in to the height of a foot or quietly corral him in so the height of a foot or quietly corral him in so the height of a foot or quietly corral him in so the height of a foot or quietly corral him in so the height of a foot or quietly corral him in to the height of a foot or quietly corral him in to the height of a foot or quietly corral him in to the height of a f

#### MRS. PARTINGTON.

"You possess much virtu, mem," said the door, you possess much virtu, mem," said the door, so he unhered Mrn. Partington in among his caracked jugs from Pompeli, and the skelston of a turtle, and the many beautiful things sent to him by the society of Paris. "I suppose," naid site, slightly erecting her form, and looking down upon a hole worm in the carpet about the size of do possess some, but the property of the size of the property of the size of the property of the prop

#### ENGLISH PENSION SYSTEM.

ENGLISH PENSION SYSTEM.

The system of pensioning the widows and orphans of public servants, military or civic, is nowhere carried to such an extent as in England. Even an ensight's widow has a pension. Of course Even an ensight's widow has a pension. Of course children they are provided for out of what is children they are provided for out of what is children they are provided for out of what is children they are provided for out of what is the age of eighteen, and continuing to a girl till she becomes married. In the civil service every officer pays about 5 per cent. towards a cervity officer pays about 5 per cent. towards a thrirry years' service with about two-thirds the thrirry years' service with about two-thirds the salary he has been receiving for the last year of his work. Thus a man with \$\$3000 a year of his work. Thus a man with \$\$3000 a year of his work. Thus a man with \$\$3000 a year of his work. Thus a man with \$\$3000 a year of his work. Thus a man with \$\$3000 a year of his work. Thus a man with \$\$3000 a year of his work. Thus a man with \$\$3000 a year of his life, of \$\$2000. There is a pension also, for widows and children. As every civil-never marry, and a fifth of them do not live long enough to be superamounted, the fund has a smaller drain upon it than at first thought might be imagined, and in fact has a great surplus now smaller drain upon it than at first thought might be imagined, and in fact has a great surplus now of capital over expenditure.—N. Y. Sunday Times.

#### CORPULENCE A CRIME.

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The ancient Spartans paid as much attention to the rearing of men as the cattle-breeders in modern England do to the breeding of cattle, and the control of the control of the control of men's fields, and regulated the degree of fainess to which it was lawfal, in a free state, for any citizen to extend his body. Those who dared to grow too fat or too soft for military excise and the service of Sparts, were soundly whipped. In one particular instance, that of Nauclis, the son of Polybias, the offender was brought before the Ephori, and a meeting of the fatness was publicly exposed, and he was threatened with perpetual banishment if he did not bring his body within the regular Spartan compass, and give up his culpable mode of living, which was declared to be worther of an Ionian than a son of Lacedemon.—Bruce.

NOVELTY has charms that our mind can hard-ly withstand. The most valuable things, if they have for a long while appeared among us, do not make any impression as they are good, but give us a distant as they are old. But when the in-fluence of this fautastical humor is over, the same men or things will come to be admired by a happy return of our good tasts.

#### Jester's Dicnic.

Board out West.—Traveller dismounts at a taven. "Hallos, landlord—can I gut lodgings at the control of the cont

Sure of his Bet.—"I will bet you a bottle of wise that you shall descend from that chair before I ask you twice."
"Done," said the gentleman, who seemed determined not to obey the summons so obediently. "Come down!"
"I will not!" was the reply.
"Then stop until 1 ask you a second time."
The stop of the stop of the stop of the stop of the position till that period, came down from the chair, and the party won the wager.

A little boy had a cole and a dog, and his generasity was often tried by visitors sale ing him, "just to see what he would asy," to give one or both of his pets. One day, he told a gentleman present he might have his cole, reserving the dog, much to the surprise of his mother, who asked:

ked:
"Why, Socky, why didn't you give him the dog ?"

"Say nothing, say nothing, mother; when he goes to get the colt, I'll set the dog on him."

The following scaly comparisons are made about Mr. D'Israeli by an English paper, which, of course, has a right to about Min. 'Whatshid does D'Israeli resemble!' An eel, because he is alipper; a terpredo, for you can't touch him without being stang; an oyster, because he is all mouths, a country of the co

One of the San Francisco bishops, while delivering a discourse, let fall a very excellent pan, of which he was at the time perfectly unconscious, and which he did not discover until it as written one. He was speaking of Peter's denial of the Saviour, and of his subsequently going out to weep. "And why," said he, "did Peter weep b Because he had committed a crypting size."

"An' Cuff, will ye be afther tipping us a little bit of a song this mornin'?" exclaimed a son of the emerald site to a brother of the sable race, a co-laborer in the division and sub division of wood.

"Colat sing!" An' what's yer leg stuck in the state of the sable race, and sub-can't sing!" for the a brod's, if ye can't sing!"

An Irishman about to enter the army, was asked by one of the recruiting officers:
"Well, sir, when you get into battle, will you fight or ma?"

"Well, sir, when you get into battle, will you fight or run ?"
"By my faith," replied the Hibernian, with a comic twist of the countenance, "I'll be afiher doin', yer honor, as the majority of ye does." A person was reasoning with an inebriate, re-cently, on the vile habit he had of drinking spir-its. "Why," replied the toper, "water is dan-gerous—it drowns people; gets in their chests, and into their heads, and then, too, it makes that infernal steam that's always blowing a feller up."

up."

General Wolfe overhearing a young officer
say, in a very familiar manner, "Wolfe and I
drank a bottle of wine together," replied, "I
think you might say General Wolfe," "No,"
replied the subaltern, with happy presence
of mind, "did you ever hear of General Achilles or
General Cossat?"

Mrs. Gibson, of Sunderland, Eng., whose husband had built a vessel, was privileged to give its name, and christened it, 'The Kiss!' It is described in the Sunderland papers as a barque, and Mr. Gibson may have intended it to be one, but his good lady has made it a smack.

A lawyer in one of the Cincinnati courts, has discovered a novel method of extracting testi-mony from winesses. He uses a metallic sub-stance of circular form, having on one side several inscriptions, and on the reverse, a figure bead, representing the goddess of liberty.

A capital portrait has been published abroad of the King of Prussia. He is represented as standing between a bottle of champagne and a big sword, uncertain as to which of the two he should draw. It is called, "Meditation on the Eastern Question."

The man who follows the sea, thinks he shall get up with it one of these days.

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